OCTOBER 1
1953
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CANADA'S
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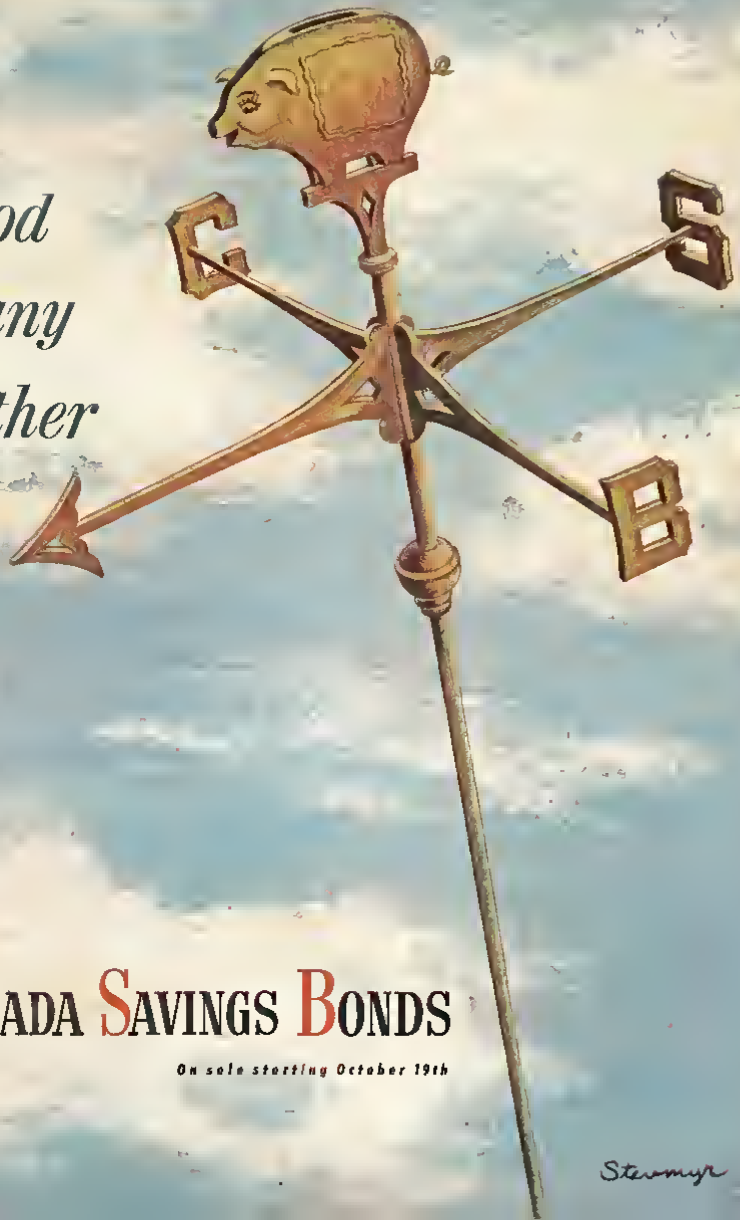
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MACLEAN'S OCTOBER 1, 1952 VOLUME 66 NUMBER 19
CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

EDITORIAL

NOBODY NEED EMULATE THE KINSEY LADIES

THE FUSS over Dr Alfred Kinsey's new book, Sexual Behavior in the Human Female, reminded an irreverent friend of ours of a famous parliamentary retort

"The honorable member has told us much that is new, and much that is true Unfortunately that which is true is not new and that which is new is not true"

These are useful words to ponder for the idealist and the cynic alike For sufficient reasons or not, the idealist holds a lack of virtue in the human female at the level of a world catastrophe and the cynic holds its presence at the level of drawing room comedy Both kinds of people might profit from the reflection that Dr Kinsey could be wrong and even if he's right his conclusions don't necessarily mean that what used to be the accepted standards of fidelity are doomed to extinction

Kinsey reports that half of the six thousand women he interviewed for his new book had sexual experience before marriage and a quarter committed adultery after marriage Although he issues the usual warnings expected of a responsible statistician, the title of his book and the presentation of much of the material invites the conclusion that these are general averages

The fact is that Kinsey's information is made up of unverifiable statements from women willing to answer his singularly personal questions Obviously the fewer inhibitions an individual might have on the subject of sex, the more likely she would be to talk to Kinsey Therefore, *Q E D* the Kinsey sample of six thousand American women had fewer inhibitions than the general run

Many of Kinsey's conclusions merely confirm common observation and common sense. Although we doubt that anyone will ever reduce their incidence to a graph, common observation and common sense make it fairly clear that marital infidelity and sexual irregularities in general are far from rare Another of Kinsey's major conclusions is almost self-evident a tremendous change took place in women's attitude and behavior in the early years of this century, and especially after the first world war

Because the change in morals which Kinsey describes took place a full generation ago and more the "flaming youth" of the nineteen twenties are the middle aged couples now celebrating their silver anniversaries Nobody disputes that these emancipated souls behaved rather differently from their own parents but there is no evidence of any drastic change for the worse between their behavior twenty five years ago and their children's behavior now On the contrary, we would argue that our children now in high school or university brought up with less hell-and damnation but more realism are in general better balanced, better adjusted, better educated men and women than we ourselves were at the same age

But the essential question about the Kinsey report is whether it may create a further relaxation of sexual standards Unless the race has gone a lot further toward the dogs than any study of its physical habits can ever show, this needn't happen and it won't For in this generation, as in any other personal fastidiousness is a personal matter It is still entirely possible for the individual human female and the individual human male to set his or her own standards To lower them or give them up simply through mass fatalism—through a surrender to statistics—is to concede the ultimate defeat not merely of the human female or the human male but of the whole human being

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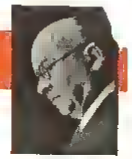
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London Letter



BY *Beverley Baxter*

WHEN CHURCHILL STEPS DOWN

THE LONG summer vacation at Westminster is proving very pleasant after the grind of the last session when the smallness of our majority kept the Government MPs on duty at all hours. Yet I cannot believe that the autumn will come and go—parliament resumes in late October—without an upheaval of some sort. There are too many imponderables lying about like explosives.

And the biggest imponderable of all is Sir Winston Churchill. If some necromancer could tell us what is in store for him we would know something about our own fate—and the fate of the country.

In blunt terms Churchill, although he had done more than anyone to win the war against Hitler, was a party liability in the general election of 1945. The nation was grateful to him, proud of him, but the British have a healthy habit of kicking out a government as soon as it has brought a war to a victorious end. Lloyd George pulled off a snap election in 1918 but he was hurled out not long afterward and never held office again.

Churchill was out of the cabinet from 1930 to 1939 although the Conservatives were in power most of that time. He was a rebel a persistent critic an uncomfortable hellebore. Baldwin, the dreamer, and Chamberlain, the meticulous realist, held the portals of No. 10 Downing Street against him.

Think for a moment what that period in the wilderness meant in human values. To any man of ability the years from fifty-five to sixty-five are the golden harvest. He has acquired experience which is the very core of judgment; his knowledge of life and men has become a treasure store from which he can draw at will; his powers of endurance are sustained by self-discipline. Perhaps the greatest tribute which can be paid to Churchill is that when he hastily became prime minister in 1940 to lead our forces in a stricken field he brought to his task a mind undulled and a spirit unembittered by frustration. He had fought his long-drawn-out secret battle and had won. And, in fairness, only the gods knew how much his wife sustained him in the years of bleakness.



Sir Walter Monckton

Yet his very genius as a war leader helped to bring about the crushing electoral defeat of the Tories in 1945. He was a man of Mars, and the people were sick of war. The weariness of the British after five years of siege and bombing and short rations had sunk deep into their souls. They were tired of Caesar, just as the Roman tribunes were tired of the victorious Coriolanus and exiled him from the city. As one of Churchill's party I have no hesitation in stating that while we were bound to lose in 1945 we would have done better under almost any other of our leaders.



Lord Salisbury

By 1950 when the next election took place the socialists, in their turn, had to pay the penalty of any government which is in power after a war. Thus the pattern can be seen that as the British instinctively throw out a war government so in turn they show small gratitude to the government that has to clean up a mess.

It is true that the Labour Party won the 1950 battle of the polls by as small a majority that they were practically impotent and had to resign themselves to the prospect of a short-lived 'caretaker' government. In fact it was only a year later when once more the voters were asked to choose between the Tories and the socialists—for the Liberals had endured the fate of the innocent bystander and were for all purposes liquidated

a more we Tories marched to the hustings and opened fire so far as could be seen would prevent a resounding victory and his party. And, in fact,

Continued on page 60

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BLAIR FRASER

BACKSTAGE at Ottawa

Tory Luck Can Only Get Better

WHAT is the future of the Progressive Conservative Party?

It has lost five consecutive elections in eighteen years. It has run under three names (Conservative, National Government and Progressive Conservative) and seven leaders—two of them temporary "acting" leaders. Not each the best the party thought itself able to find at the time and under the circumstances. It is now once more restive and mutinous under the leadership of a man who has twice led his party to electoral defeat. Even the pinkiest Conservative may be forgiven for despair as he looks forward to another four or five years of Liberal rule.

Yet it's possible I think, to make a realistic analysis of Canadian politics which is not at all discouraging to Conservatives. Despite August 10 they may be on the verge of a revival.

Let's begin with the date, August 10 itself. Why did the Liberals undertake the risks and inconveniences of a summer election?

Evidently because they were afraid to wait until fall. They could not have had an autumn election earlier than November, because of the rigidities of the Election Act. There are plenty of signs that by November we may have some economic problems that we didn't have in August. The Liberals prudently held their election before the farmer tried to market his 1953 crop, before seasonal unemployment began to set in, and before the Korean truce could have any effect on heavy industry.

Perhaps they were over-cautious. Since World War II economists have predicted at least two depressions which for one reason or another never happened. Maybe we shall get through this autumn and winter with the same high levels of employment and income to which we have become so accustomed.

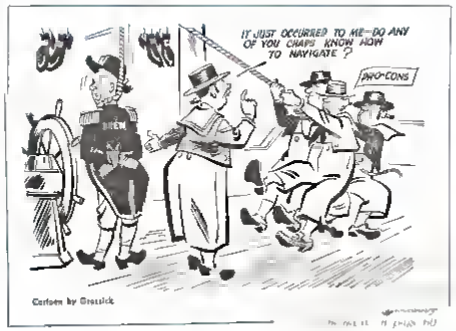
But even if prosperity is unabated in the coming year it's a fair guess that we shall have some downturn before 1957. During the life of this parliament the Liberals almost certainly will have what they have not faced since 1929—the chill breath of adversity. They won't like it.

In good times it is hard to put a government out. In bad times it is hard to keep a government in. It is the Conservatives' good fortune that they now appear, as they might not have done a few years ago, as the only possible alternative to a Liberal government.

Ten years ago the CCF was riding high on the strength of a near-victory in Ontario and a prospective victory in Saskatchewan. Many Canadians thought the CCF would soon replace the Conservatives as the major opposition party—and if we had had the serious postwar recession that many economists expected, that prophecy might have come true.

But we didn't. Other countries, especially Britain, demonstrated that socialism is not a guaranteed cure for all economic difficulties. The popular part of a socialist program—welfare and security legislation, has become the common property of all parties. Meanwhile Social Credit, which might have become a formidable threat with its currency witchcraft, has been exposed as a somewhat over-publicized and strictly

Continued on page 77



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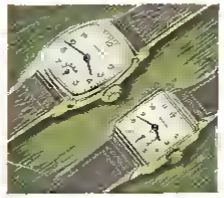
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BAJAH. [illegible] for [illegible] work or [illegible]

...ses of Heaven and Hell

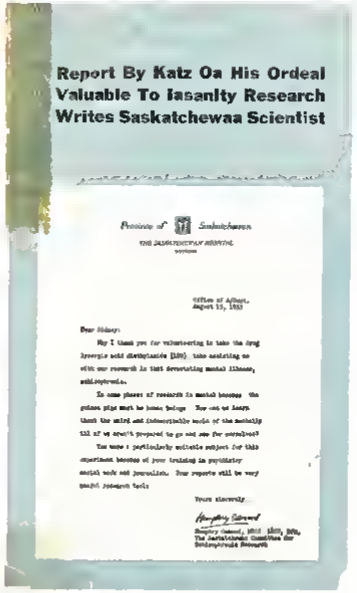
about it is still scanty. We do know that the victim lives in a disordered world of his own, suffering from hallucinations and delusions. His thinking, mood and behavior are affected. Schizophrenics sometimes commit suicide and murder in response to false beliefs which overpower them.

As to the cause of the disease, there are two main schools of thought. One group—particularly the psychoanalysts—tends to believe that the schizophrenic can't cope with the difficulties of life and therefore withdraws to a world of fantasy. The other group holds that schizophrenia is the direct result of a metabolic disorder—the internal glands have gone haywire, upsetting the body chemistry. They suspect that the culprit is the adrenal gland system, which in a complicated way produces a poisonous substance which causes the insanity.

These theories are not necessarily exclusive. Dr. Hans Selye, the University of Montreal scientist, has shown how stress and strain can so affect the functioning of the internal glands—including the adrenals—that they can produce a variety of illnesses, including mental illness.

By artificially creating a condition like schizophrenia in a normal person—as was done in my case—researchers hope to find the answers to a number of hitherto baffling questions. The psychiatrist wants to know: What does a schizophrenic feel? What does he see? What does he think? How does he think? How can he best be approached by a therapist? These answers are not easy to obtain from the chronic psychotic who has little or no insight and is usually uncommunicative. The biochemist seeks information which may finally lead to a cure for schizophrenia. What toxic substance is found in the psychotic which is absent in the body of the normal person? If this substance can be identified, then it is conceivable that a chemical agent can be created to counteract it, very much as penicillin and Aureomycin can kill certain kinds of infection. This could theoretically lead to the cure of half our mental patients.

Report By Katz On His Ordeal Valuable To Insanity Research Writes Saskatchewan Scientist



Province of Saskatchewan
THE SASKATCHEWAN HOSPITAL
system

Office of Affairs,
August 15, 1952

Dear Sidney:

May I thank you for volunteering to take the drug Lysergic acid diethylamide (LSD), take assisting us with our research in that devastating mental illness, schizophrenia.

In some phases of research in mental disorder the guinea pig must be human beings. How can we learn about the mind and indescribable world of the mentally ill if we aren't prepared to go and see for ourselves?

You were a particularly suitable subject for this experiment because of your training in psychiatry, social work and journalism. Your reports will be very useful, Joseph Katz.

Yours sincerely,

Humphry Osmond

Humphry Osmond, M.R.C.P. (Lond.), D.P.M.,
The Saskatchewan Committee for
Schizophrenic Research





12.01 p.m.

WHAT A MADMAN SAW IN FOLDS OF A TOWEL

Dr. Osmond spread a towel on Katz' eyes and promised "a pleasant surprise." Instantly he was transported to a temple of the gates of paradise, in which paraded tiny Oriental empresses in gowns studded with bright gems

CONTINUED ON NEXT TWO PAGES

Through an Ordinary Hospital Window Katz Peers into the Bizarre Garden of the Insane



12.30 p.m.

"DESCRIBE IT," KATZ WAS URGED

The doctors saw nothing but hospital grounds. Katz beheld a carnival of hands, floats, elephants, knights and clowns.

HIS TROUBLED MIND SAW THIS ➡

WHEN HIS EYES LOOKED AT THIS ⬇





The bizarre experiment in which I was involved was part of a research project being conducted by the Saskatchewan Schizophrenia Research group with funds provided by the Department of National Health and Welfare, Ottawa. The research team, headed by psychiatrist and biochemist Abe Hoffer, includes Drs. Humphry Osmond, Ronald Fisher, John Smythies, and psychologists Ben Stelanuk and Ned Agnew. So far nineteen volunteers have taken the drug. Eighteen of them are members of the nursing and medical staffs of mental hospitals. So far as I am aware, I am the only outsider to have taken the drug. The results of the experiments are now being carefully studied and analyzed. No experimental drugs can ever be given to mental patients. For to further weaken their slender hold on reality would probably rule out all possibility of a cure at some future time.

I stepped into the Stygian world of schizophrenia from the officers' lounge in the Saskatchewan Hospital in Weyburn. It is a comfortable homey living room, twenty-eight by twenty feet, furnished with a soft rug, chesterfield, easy chairs, end tables, lamps and oil paintings. Preparations for the experiment had begun early on the morning of Thursday, June 18. Psychologist Ben Stelanuk gave me a Rorschach test to measure my emotional stability. In this test, you view a series of ink blots and describe what you see in them. I passed with flying colors. This precaution is always taken, the LSD drug might have lasting effects on an emotionally unstable person.

Several preparations were made to help me recall later what I had experienced. A tape recorder stood on the table in front of me. It was to operate for four hours—the period of my most severe derangement. On either side of me were Stelanuk and Dr. Humphry Osmond, clinical director of the Weyburn hospital. They were to interview me constantly, eliciting what I was feeling, seeing and thinking. Also present were Charles Jillings, a staff psychologist of the hospital, and Elaine Cumming, a sociologist, who carefully recorded the movement of people in and out of the room and my reactions to them. Mike Kesterton, a photographer, constantly shot pictures in color and black and white film both for Maclean's and for the project's records. This was the first LSD experiment in Saskatchewan to be recorded photographically. Throughout my psychosis various doctors were quietly ushered into the room to make observations and ask me questions.

Osmond and Stelanuk were to be my main links with the world of reality. During the brief flashes of lucidity they were to try and help me ward off the devastating feelings of despair and fear which were to overtake me. They constantly reminded me—not always successfully—that I was Sidney Katz, a Maclean's editor, that I was in a hospital in Weyburn, that I had taken a drug which produced a condition like schizophrenia, that the effects would wear off before the day was over.

Past experience has shown that LSD produces such an overwhelming emotional and intellectual upheaval in the individual that the experiment must be very rigidly controlled. At no time was I left alone. Once, in a Swiss mental hospital, a practical joker sneaked a few grams of LSD into a staff nurse's coffee. The frantic girl, apparently driven to believe that she had become schizophrenic, leaped to her death from the hospital rooftop.

What follows below is a detailed description of what happened to me after I took the drug. I pieced this account together from my own vivid but distorted recollections, aided by tape recording, Mike Kesterton's photographs, sociologist Cumming's notebooks and from later interviews with other observers who were present.

10:45 A.M. I was handed half a glass of water containing two hundred one millionths (200/1,000,000) of a gram of LSD by Dr. Osmond. This amount of the drug could comfortably sit on the head of a pin. I drank it. The liquid had no taste or smell.

There were no immediate effects. The talk in the room centred about Kesterton and his cameras and equipment. Beside me on the arm of my chair was my black leather notebook in which I had hoped to record much of the experiment. At 11:02, I wrote: "My co-ordination is not so good." At 11:03 "Slight nausea." At 11:06 in a sprawling hand, "John

Continued on page 46



1.15 p.m.

HE PATTED A PET DOG, HIS HAND GREW FURRY

Photographer Kesterton snaps Katz as he pats a dog. At right, Artist Macpherson depicts how Katz felt his arm covered with animal's fur.



2.30 p.m.

CHAIRS FLOATED FREE AS THE WALLS MOVED

Writer is seen as the violent phase ends. But nightmarish moments still blend into his periods of clarity.





MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, OCTOBER 1, 1953

the alien

CHAPTER TWO

By W. O. MITCHELL

The first great crisis

Carlyle Sinclair hadn't bargained on this. His first day at school and only one pupil out of thirty-five appeared. How could he keep hauling the rest out of the trees? Then Ezra Shot-Close, the squash-nosed lay preacher, came up with an ingenious solution

ILLUSTRATED BY BRUCE JOHNSON



Old John, sitting silent on a sun-warmed rock, became for Grace a symbol of Indian stoicism.

CARLYLE SINCLAIR, a university trained schoolteacher, could neither quite forget nor fully acknowledge that his grandmother was a Blood Indian named Magdalene Amos Amos. It was because of an incident arising out of this that he startled his fellow townspeople by declaring: "I have tried for six years to teach your children. I would like to go on teaching them. I can't. — There are other children to whom I have a responsibility. I am accepting a post on the Paradise Valley Reserve." Then with his blond wife Grace, and their small son Hugh, he packed his belongings and moved into the strange world of the Peigan Indians—a world of primitive dwellings and primitive emotions, a world composed of simple, but dedicated white men such as Sheridan, the Indian agent, and Rev. Mr. Dingle, the minister, and of easy-going, childlike natives with easy going, childlike names like Prince Lefthand, John Rollin-the-Mud and MacLean Powderface. Yet somehow the new life didn't seem entirely strange. For in the campfires of his new neighbors, Carlyle Sinclair caught a faint whiff of childhood memory, the pungent scent of wood smoke in the nostrils of a small boy pressing his face against the buckskin jacket of his half-breed mother.

II

DURING THE AUGUST days that followed the Sinclairs' arrival in Paradise Valley the pines seemed never still. Grace saw them always compelled by a gentle west wind, tip points swaying in shallow arcs against the mountain sky.

For herself, Grace knew that the uncertain torment of their last days in town was now completely erased. Their welcome by the Indians had done that for her. It seemed to have helped Carlyle too. He seemed relaxed; there was not the brittle impatience and the tenseness she had known so well during most of their years together. Perhaps, she told herself several times, he had managed some sort of hurdle.

Now that they had been in Paradise Valley their first month, she was more sure than before that the change could be accepted as a definite milestone in Carlyle's attitude toward his Indian blood as well as in his career as a teacher. If a mother's and wife's least common denominator of sleep and appetite meant anything at all, he was a contented man. Their valley life with its isolation must certainly have some spirit-healing qualities she could not tell for sure, of course, until the school term was under way and he had time to assess his work with the Indian children.

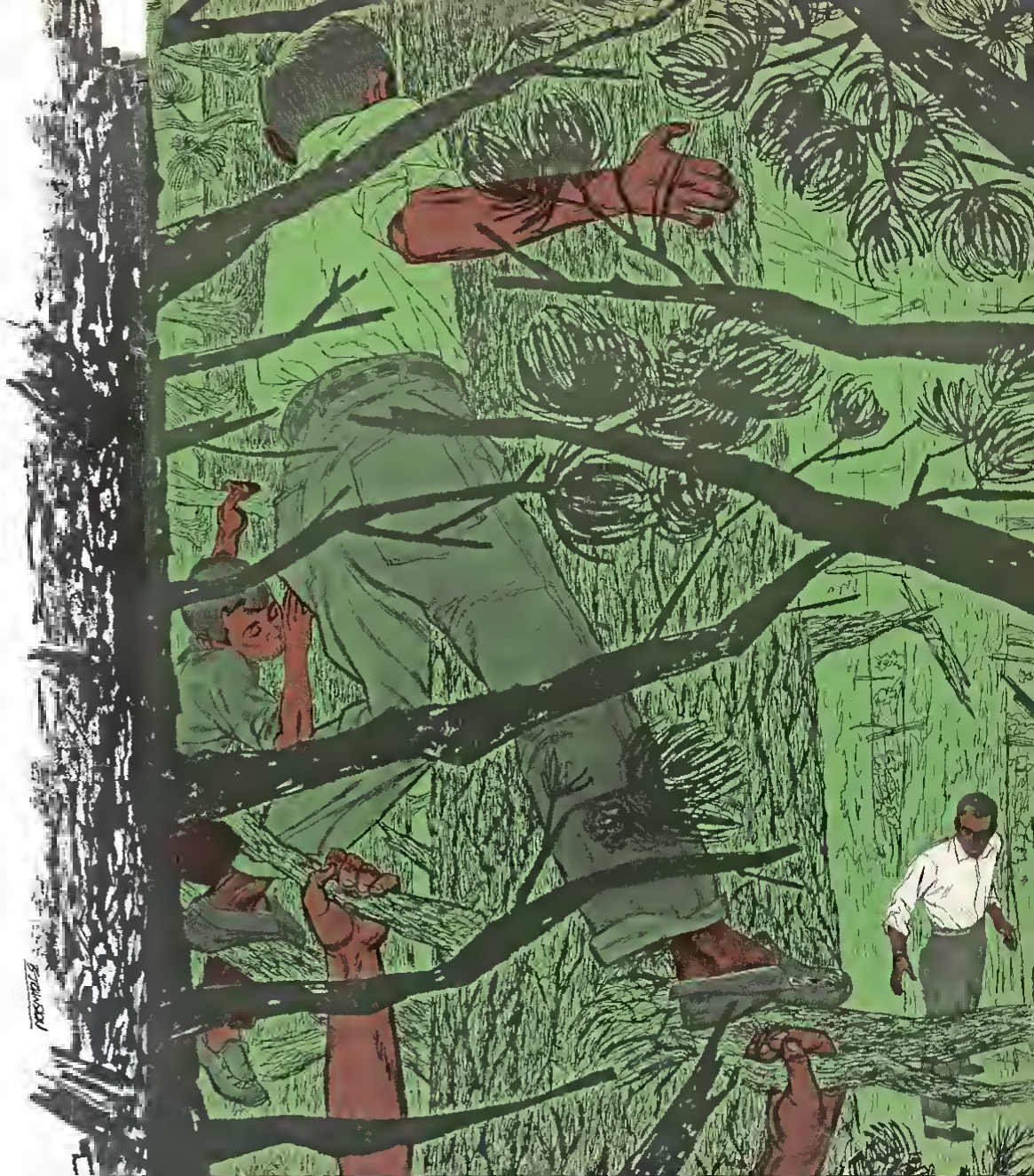
It would be nice if he had some of the stone poise and acceptance of Old John, she thought one day as she looked across the bridge and saw the connector seated there on a rock in the sun. Most of the old Indian's time was spent on that rock where the afternoon sun fell warmest. Elbows on his knees, hands hanging loose, he stirred only with the most economical of movements, to light a cigarette or the pale green-bowled pipe of stone with its willow stem. Otherwise he held himself quite motionless staring at the rock before him where orange lungus scaled its minute lobage, gazing down at the mesmeric drift of the water where perhaps a trout trent held on imperceptibly breathing line or drifting his tent bidded eyes to the hills, the mountains, the skies. Did he save himself from melancholy, she wondered, achieve some mystic and relaxed oneness with eternity, a soothing erasure of all annoyance and irritations and fleshly pains. Just a primitive talent for opium that blindly sought sun warmed stupor where half thoughts and pointless wonderings and fragment dreams shaded and faded against no time. Not at all different from the steers and the cows with absently moving jaws, it was silly of her to wish it for Carlyle or for herself.

Of all the Indian residents of Paradise Valley Ezra Shot-Close was still her favorite. The squash nosed lay preacher with his black frock coat and his vibrant voice took the Sunday services in the absence of the Reverend Dingle, still away on summer leave. Mrs. Sheridan, the agent's wife, had returned and both families rode up to the church and dance tent with MacLean Powderface, the stuttering Indian.

Grace and Carlyle found Ezra's sermons fascinating hybrids of Christianity and paganism: the second Sunday of July, at the close of the second hymn, Ezra made the announcements: there would be a meeting of the Ladies' Auxiliary in the tent of Judy Roll-in-the-Mud for the purpose of forming a Home and School Association; he was glad to see Lucy Baseball in church with her parents and not up in the bush where she might be if she had not listened to the voice of the Lord. As he mentioned this there

Continued on page 30

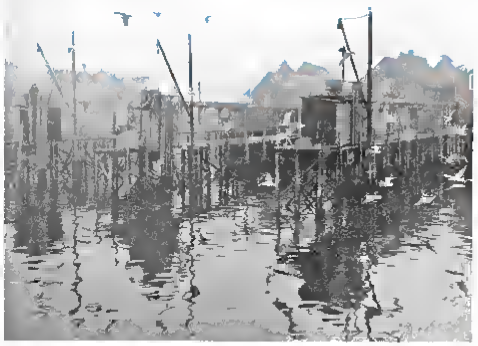
Sinclair slammed the door of the empty schoolhouse. From high up in the trees came a giggle, then a whisper.





From the sea come the harvests that make Grand Manan prosperous — fat herring to be smoked for gourmets' breakfasts, lobsters for film stars' banquets.

The Island That's Too Good To Be True



Tourists' eyes pop when they discover they can stand on the decks of Seal Cove, stilted above Fundy's high tide, and catch cod weighing thirty pounds

This tiny fragment of New Brunswick has no poverty, illiteracy, shocks or crime. Even the seaweed is edible. And when the school children needed a new textbook the fishermen wrote one themselves. No wonder that Grand Manan is a tourist's delight

By IAN SCLANDERS

AT THE mouth of the tide-churned Bay of Fundy, breakers boom endlessly against the towering cliffs of Grand Manan, an island which has three thousand stoutly independent people and is without poverty, illiteracy, shocks or crime.

This spray swept Utopia, where everybody has a garden and a comfortable house equipped with the latest electrical appliances, and where almost everybody has a car, is a fragment of New Brunswick, eighteen miles south of the nearest point on New Brunswick's mainland. Surrounded by a score of tiny islands like a duck out swimming with her brood, Grand Manan is seventeen miles long and seven miles across at its greatest width. The western half of its area of roughly fifty square miles is too rugged and rocky to be settled and is covered with forest.

Grand Manan's small neat villages North Head, Castalia, Woodward's Cove, Grand Harbor, Ingalls Head, Seal Cove and Deep Cove are on its eastern shore. Each snuggles beside a sheltered harbor. Each has its seaweed festooned jetties, its fleet of fishing boats, its white school, its white churches, its big well painted frame dwellings, its lanes shaded with wind bent elms and maples and willows, its tidy rows of herring sheds. A paved road strings the villages together.

At this oddly enchanted place, storm-beaten yet peaceful, the sea is so bountiful that whales chase tremendous schools of herring into the fishermen's nets. The sandbars are full of succulent clams; lobsters swarm in the depths; giant tuna can be harpooned from launches; and cod, haddock, hake, pollock, flounder and mackerel can be caught from the wharves. The seagulls lay fresh eggs for breakfast and even the seaweed is good to eat.

The profit reaped from the sea, plus those from a lucrative tourist trade, account for Grand Manan's freedom from poverty and its far-better-than-average housing. Its background helps explain its freedom from illiteracy and crime. It was founded in 1784 by a group of United Empire Loyalists who had lost their property in New England and were forced to seek new homes. They were led by Moses Gerrish, a scholar and a graduate of Harvard, and the accent of Grand Manan is still strikingly like that associated with Harvard—pronounced "Ho vahd." Gerrish, a benign autocrat who set himself up as the ruler of all he surveyed, insisted that his followers should know how to read and write, that they should improve their minds with classical literature, and that they should educate their children. Thus, while most isolated islands are plagued by illiteracy, that hasn't been the case with Grand Manan.

When a new vocational high school was built at Grand Harbor a few years ago for the whole island it was decided that one of the subjects to be taught there should be fishing. There was no textbook on this which covered local conditions so a committee of fishermen promptly wrote one.

People who are literate enough to do this, and intelligent enough to realize that if they are to live together happily on an island they have to behave themselves, don't commit crimes. No resident of Grand Manan ever bothers to lock his front door or to remove the key from his car, for theft is unknown.

If Grand Manan's honesty is hard to believe, so are other things. For Grand Manan has lords that are clowns, its porpoises and seals are as playful as puppies, and the waves have sculptured its rocks into weird shapes. Its scallop draggers dredge up antique china from the wreck of a windjammer. Stones from France—from another wreck—litter one of its beaches. Its youngsters learn to handle boats as soon as they can walk. And the ship that links it with St. Andrews and Saint John on a schedule which divides daily sailings between these two ports on the New Brunswick mainland, is a nautical oddity.

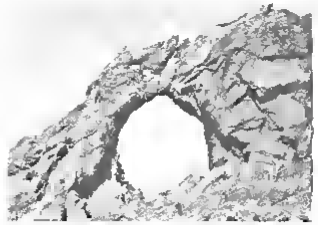
This craft, now called the Grand Manan III, started out as the Arcadia, a steel-hulled sailing yacht of five hundred and seventy-eight tons owned by an immensely wealthy American woman. With a crew of thirty-it prowled majestically from one luxury resort to another until 1940, when it was acquired by the Royal Canadian Navy. Then, with its tall masts shorn off and powerful engines installed, it did convoy duty on the Atlantic. In 1946 it was bought by a shipping company and put on the Grand Manan run—an incongruous counter with fine racing lines, a cruising speed of fifteen knots, equipped with radar, plus the mahogany panelling and fancy plumbing of its palmy prewar days yet with the smudgy and cheerful informality of a ferry. By the Grand Manan III, the resort of St. Andrews is three-and-a-half hours from Grand Manan and Saint John is seven hours.



Herring are Grand Manan's biggest industry. The fish catch themselves in two-acre corrals — lucky men can earn seven hundred dollars a day



Allen Moses (left) who died last year was the founder of Grand Manan's museum. He once treated a bird for an expedition into Africa



The Hole in the Wall, drilled by millenniums of wind and weather, is typical of scenery on the wild west coast, too rugged even for fishermen.



A dulse gatherer spreads the edible seaweed to dry. Dulse can be harvested only at the lowest tide, when islanders race Fundy's waters

Oscar Built an Airport Overnight

While the island is without regular air service, anyone who can afford it and is in a hurry can charter a flying taxi. This has been possible since 1945 when Oscar Small, a lean pleasant man who is one of Grand Manan's few farmers, reached the conclusion that what the island needed was an airport.

A flat-topped hill on his own property seemed to him the ideal site. He chopped down scores of evergreen trees and was trying to rent a bulldozer when aviation officials of Ottawa heard of his project and wrote to warn him that unless they approved of the location he might be wasting his time and his money.

"If I don't wind up with an airport, boys," he replied, "I'll at least have a new potato patch."

With the bulldozer he uprooted stumps and leveled off two fourteen hundred-foot runways in two days of prodigious labor. Then he invited authorities to come and have a look. They licensed his landing field, but he never did convince them that he had built it entirely by himself for an outlay of a couple of hundred dollars. For five years light planes have been zooming in and out of it, paying a landing fee of a dollar each. Small has plowed his receipts back into improvements for he looks on his airport as a contribution to the community, not a commercial enterprise.

Based at it now are two little planes owned by fifty-eight year old Vernon Stuart. Stuart who had several herring weirs fished until he was past fifty, thereby accumulating a modest fortune. Then he retired and took flying lessons at Eastport, Me.

Stuart's flying, like Small's airport, is strictly non-commercial but he is always there if anybody has to be rushed to the mainland for medical aid of a kind not available in Grand Manan's own hospital. In a real emergency, neither storm nor fog holds him on the ground. Fishermen drifting in the open sea with a dead engine know that when they're reported overdue in port Stuart will manage to locate them and direct another boat to the rescue. So far, people whose lives he has saved have named three children after him.

Small's airport and the wharf at which the Grand Manan III docks are both at North Head, a tranquil village that perches on a green hillside and is protected from the full force of Atlantic gales by Swallow Tail, a jutting V-shaped promontory. Capping Swallow Tail is a red and white lighthouse that every visiting artist paints and every tourist photographs.

Another popular tourist activity is listening to the tales of George Russell, a grey haired herring packer whose hobby is Grand Manan's history. Each of Grand Manan's villages has its stories and George Russell knows them all.

Sometimes on he spins his yarns Russell flips a bogus Mexican silver dollar. It was made in 1785 by a counterfeiter named

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Who Will Win The Great Gas Pipeline Stakes?













CLINT MURCHISON Texas horse trader, later oil magnate is set to lay an all-Canadian gas line eastward, the largest and most expensive ever constructed



FRANK McMAHON, Peace River's oil pioneer, proposes to sell gas from his northern wells to Vancouver and to utilities companies in U.S. Pacific states



RAY MILNER, Alberta utilities head, lawyer and cattleman is bidding for a franchise to build the cheapest and shortest line, to Winnipeg and midwest U.S.



RAY C. FISH, who built the Texas to New York gas line would like to send Texas gas to Vancouver and sell Alberta gas to Spokane and other U.S. cities



FAISON DIXON, first in the field, is arguing for a pipeline that would revive the Fish plan by piping gas from Alberta, first to Spokane then to Vancouver.

By ALAN PHILLIPS

Five tough, resourceful utility titans are locked in a multi-million-dollar international poker game for the rights to make fabulous fortunes piping natural gas from Alberta to the big cities in the east and west

FOR SIX YEARS, five men have been battling for the right to pipe natural gas west and east from Alberta. They have stood squarely in each other's paths hurling accusations that have often clouded the facts and obscured the issue.

The issue is clear-cut: which parts of Canada will get natural gas—and when?

South of the border, gas pipelines are fanning out from the gas-rich southern states at the rate of fifteen thousand miles a year. Wherever gas goes, housewives clamor for it. It has twenty thousand industrial uses. The nation that has it is lucky.

We have it in Canada.

Most of the gas is discovered incidentally during the search for oil. Oil companies have now drilled more than three hundred gas wells in Alberta alone. Geologists place our total proven western reserves at the first of this year at fourteen trillion cubic feet, and our present discovery rate is two trillion cubic feet a year.

The oil companies who own and produce the gas want to sell it. Their capped gas wells represent several hundred million dollars of frozen capital. They haven't made a nickel on this huge investment yet, and they won't until they find a market.

The market must be big enough to pay the immense cost of a long-distance pipeline to the mass markets west and east of the source of supply. A line from Alberta to Montreal through the "bloody rocks and Christmas tree belt" north of Lake Superior would cost about three hundred million dollars.

About one-fifth of this would be raised by selling common stock—over fifty percent of it in Canada—and each pipeline company is backed by rival investment houses. The balance must be borrowed in twenty- to thirty-million-dollar chunks from the giant U.S. insurance companies like Prudential and Metropolitan Life. Before the insurance companies will lend such sums, their marketing experts must be convinced that the gas has enough potential customers to pay profits to the oil companies, the gas utilities companies and the pipeline company which has to make enough to operate the pipeline, pay shareholders set aside enough to repay the loan in twenty years or so, and meanwhile give the insurance companies about four-and-a-half percent a year in interest.

Obviously, two pipelines coming into the same area would divide the market, waste a vast amount of expensive capital and push costs away up. Since the consumer has to pay these costs, gas has been made a public utility. Which means that once a company gets a franchise it has no competition. The gas supply is assured, the market is assured. The profits are limited by Alberta law to eight percent, but eight percent on several hundred millions—even after taxes—is big money. As one oilman says, "A pipeline is a plum. You just sit back and let the millions roll in."

Canada offers two of these hard to get pipeline plums: one east and one west of Alberta. Three Americans and two Canadians have been fighting bitterly for them in a long-drawn-out series of public hearings.

The struggle is finally approaching its climax. It begins to resemble an all-night game of poker, with each contestant in too deep to get out. Most of the players have more than a million dollars in the pot, and only two can walk away winners. The stakes they will take with them are staggering, not only for themselves but for the nation. For the rules by which the winners take gas out of Alberta will decide who is served by gas for years to come.

As this is written a kibitzer at the game, Toronto's Consumers' Gas Co., has just knocked over the card table by arranging to get gas independently from Louisiana and thus remove from the market more than one-fifth of eastern Canada's potential customers for Alberta gas—a step which has precipitated a first-class row involving Consumers' which wants cheap gas now; the U.S. Federal Power Commission, which has okayed the export of gas to Toronto, President Eisenhower, who hasn't at the moment yet signed FPC's verdict; Hon. C. D. Howe, Canada's Trade and Commerce minister, who favors an all-Canada line to the east; Ontario's Premier Leslie Frost, who supports his political opponent Howe in this matter, and the backers of the all-Canada line, whose bankers want out if those million Toronto customers are lost. The pipeline people are hoping that Howe will keep Louisiana gas out of Toronto and thus permit the gases to continue in its orderly cut-throat course.

The first man in this game was an ordinary, elderly New York engineer named Faison Dixon. In the summer of 1947 Dixon came to Calgary. Leduc had come in a few months before and oil fever was jamming the brokerage houses. A score of new oil companies were being formed and hard-hitten men with soft, southern drawls slipped in and out of the CPR's plush Palliser Hotel.

Dixon, a slight, grey, quiet-spoken man, was conspicuous among them. He wasn't interested in oil, but in building a gas pipeline from Alberta to the Pacific northwest states.

In Edmonton, a red-haired corporation lawyer, Hesketh Ray Milner, read of Dixon's plans with interest. Milner is a kingpin of the Progressive Conservative Party, a former friend of R. B. Bennett, a big-business man who sits on the board of fourteen companies. Some people call him "Mr. Alberta" because as president of Anglo-Canadian Oil and owner of a cattle farm outside Edmonton he combines Alberta's two major industries. He is also the hustling chairman of Canada's two biggest gas companies: Calgary & Canadian Western Natural Gas, and Edmonton's Northwestern Utilities. Milner, too, was planning to get in the game—with a line to Winnipeg.

The Fighting Man From Peace River

Five hundred miles northwest of Edmonton, in the bush and farmland of Peace River, the third player, Frank McMahon, was sizing up his chances. McMahon is a typical Alberta oilman: easy going, hard driving, slow talking, fast-thinking. Starting out fresh from college as a diamond driller he had punched holes all over the western prairie. He'd been up and down financially a half-dozen times.

Back in 1938 McMahon had merged several small companies to form Pacific Petroleums Ltd. During the war, when he moved into newspaper publisher John Southam's big Calgary house, he hadn't money enough to fix the plumbing. But McMahon had been Johnny-on-the-spot at Leduc. It was his Atlantic No. 3 blowing wild and spewing a lake of oil over the prairie that dramatized the oil boom in the eyes of the world.

The rules of the game seemed fairly simple in the late 1940's. Gas is a natural resource, as Alberta controlled it within the province. As soon as the gas moved across the provincial boundary it would come under the control of the federal Transport Board. To cross the U.S.-Canadian border would require the consent of the Federal Power Commission in Washington.

In Alberta Social Credit was firmly in the saddle, and Premier Ernest Manning held the reins of government in a tight grip. In Ottawa, the transport commissioners made their decisions under the astute and vigilant eye of Trade Minister Clarence D. Howe. The winning promoter had to get Manning's permission to export gas from Alberta and Howe's okay on his pipeline route. Then if he wanted also to sell in the States, he had to convince the U.S. Federal Power Commission that his plans were in the best possible interest of the American consumer.

As yet, however, no one knew how much gas Alberta had. In December 1947 C. D. Howe sent out the government's chief geologist, Dr. George Hume, to find out. Manning gave a three-man Royal Commission the same assignment. They had to find out how much gas Alberta needed for her own homes and industries, and if there was a surplus, whether the province *Continued on page 81*



Despite of her Methodist upbringing there was a pagan and rebel streak in Nellie, who was half Irish

NELLIE WAS A LADY TERROR

Nellie McClung wrote best selling novels, preached temperonce, ond hypnotized the west with her fiery oratory. She hod only six years of schooling but she helped get votes for women ond chonge the fobric of Conodo with the power of her personolity

By MARGARET K. ZIEMAN

EVERY ONCE in a while modern women come up with the idea that they don't really want equality. Nellie McClung, who spearheaded the whirlwind two-year campaign which got Canadian women the vote during the First World War, would probably turn over in her grave if she knew. She was so sure that emancipated women would be equal to anything that she let nothing turn her from the fight for equal suffrage.

"The world isn't ready to accept advice from women," her favorite brother once insisted. "Why can't you pipe down and live like other people?"

Nellie told him she never could believe that minding one's business was much of a virtue. "It's a fine excuse for doing nothing," she said.

"You will certainly never get into the Hall of Fame for minding yours," her brother retorted.

He was wrong. Nellie McClung made a great many things in Canada her business and in the process won position and honors never since matched by any other Canadian woman.

Her life story reads like that of ten career women—not just one. Mother of five children, she was this country's most aggressive suffragette, a fiery and obstinate prohibitionist and one of our first women MPPs. She was also one of the first Canadians of either sex to win outstanding financial success at writing. Her first book, Sowing Seeds in Danny, ranked as a Canadian household classic, sold one hundred thousand copies, ran to seventeen editions and earned her twenty-five thousand dollars.

Crusading zeal and an instinctive flair for showmanship made her one of the most dynamic and spell-binding public speakers this country ever produced. Audiences warmed immediately to the breezy and attractive Nellie whose peach bloom complexion, soft dark hair and glinting brown eyes refuted the burlesque picture of a militant suffragette. She had color, fire, wit and humor, and a personality which inspired almost idolatrous affection in thousands of Canadians who even today remember her as "Our Nellie McClung."

At the same time she aroused intense dislike in others who considered her a rabid and intolerant "dry." The Women's Christian Temperance Union was the strongest active support in Canada of equal suffrage having endorsed it back in 1891. But it was Nellie's double barreled campaign that brought prohibition to Canada in the wake of the newly-enfranchised women in every province but Quebec.

Nellie, who lived most of her stormy life on the prairies, admitted her role as a temperance advocate in the West was "no bed of roses." The now defunct Winnipeg Telegram dubbed her 'Calamity Nell' and caricatured her as a pestilerous mosquito. Yet this lured in the bone Methodist and lifetime prohibitionist was far ahead of her times on other social issues. She favored birth control and vigorously supported Alberta's Act for sterilization of the mentally unfit. She did not oppose divorce. "Why are pencils equipped with erasers," she asked, "if not to correct mistakes?"

She became the first woman member of the CBC's Board of Governors and Canada's only woman representative to the League of Nations in 1938. She was the sole woman appointed to the Dominion War Council in 1915 by Sir Robert Borden and the only woman named to represent Canadian Methodism at the World Wide Ecumenical Conference in London in 1921.

Newspapers frequently referred to her as "Mrs. Western Canada." Close to sixty of Nellie McClung's seventy-seven years paralleled the settlement and growth of the prairies. She also ranks as this country's first ill-natured, ambassadress. Canadian women won the vote ahead of those in either the United States or Great Britain and Nellie toured both countries in the suffrage cause and spotlighted Canada's progressiveness.

Mrs. McClung's achievements appear all the more remarkable since by modern standards she was not well educated. She started her schooling late, at ten, and finished before she was sixteen.

As a trail-breaker she encountered not only male antagonism to women's entry into politics, but indifference from women who were content with things as they were. Opponents of equal suffrage accused her of neglecting her family for politics and hinted she was an out and out exhibitionist who craved the limelight. She was threatened with violence and with libel suits. Once she was burned in effigy.

One of Canada's most controversial figures, yet she left the imprint of her personality, her convictions and her concrete achievements as the texture of Canadian life. Typically, Nellie was well aware of the part she played. "In Canada we are developing a pattern of life and I knew something about one block of that pattern," she said. "I knew it for I helped to make it."

As a child she knew at first hand the hardships of early days in pioneer Manitoba but she realized that period was passing. She saw her country making great strides in a material sense and was acutely conscious of the ferment of change in the air. In that yeasty climate she once explained: "I was not content with punching holes in linen and sewing them up again."

Few Angels in Politics

If Nellie was ripe for the times, the times, in turn, were ripe for her. Entertainment was limited largely to schoolhouse concerts, amateur dialogues, community picnics and church suppers. A woman with the energy to get around and with things to say found ready listeners and fewer distractions to compete for their attention.

Morally the age was two-dimensional. Action was simply right or wrong with few shadings. Nellie's generation had little knowledge of psychological motivation or psychological excuses for misconduct. There were no alcoholics then—just drunkards.

Nellie herself was rather two-dimensional and proud of it. "Broad mindedness," she declared, "simply means people don't care enough about any one particular thing to fight for it. They confuse broad mindedness with weak mindedness, indifference and spinelessness." She found support in thousands like herself who were eager to stand up and be counted.

Canadians, where political campaigns were usually stuffy all-male affairs found Nellie a welcome change. "You men say women are angels and you plead that politics are 'corrupting'," Nellie told members of the Toronto Canadian Club. "Well, in that case you can't get women into public life too soon as there is a big shortage of angels in politics just now."

Many Canadians can still recall her breezy, near-epigrammatic turns of speech. "Chivalry is a poor substitute for justice if one cannot have both," she insisted. "It's like the icing on the cake—sweet but not nourishing."

Crowds packed every public meeting she addressed. When she spoke at Massey Hall in Toronto and at the Walker *Continued on page 63*

He Keeps Forgetting He's King

Frederik of Denmark is the most democratic, most muscular and most tattooed of kings. He doesn't mind ruling as long as it doesn't interfere with sailing, romping with his three daughters, conducting orchestras and exchanging wisecracks with his subjects



King Frederik's non-royal hobbies include leading any handy band



Cycling with his beautiful Queen, Ingrid, in Copenhagen's streets



Water sports—and tattoos. A dragon was added after this 1942 photo



This most informal royal portrait shows Frederik of Denmark playing for a bedtime-stunt audience of daughters Margrethe Benedikte and Anne Marie.

By MARJORIE EARL

COPENHAGEN

TO THE average Canadian whose conception of monarchy comes from the more conventional House of Windsor, King Frederik IX of Denmark is something of a shock. That he stands six feet six inches in his socks and develops his muscles by mail order, discusses on the radio the problems of raising three daughters, invites his subjects to telephone him at the palace, hates protocol, loves to lead a symphony orchestra and wise cracks like a Scandinavian Bob Hope is not intrinsically remarkable. But attached to a venerable crown these characteristics become truly surprising, particularly so to those people whose direct contact with their own sovereign is often just a mechanical wave of the hand in a ceremonial setting.

The highest honor the fiercely democratic Danes can pay their sovereign is to say, as they so often do: "He is a good king because he is just like us." This means that Frederik is tolerant, well-educated, frank, funny, informal and highly individualistic. This is quite appropriate since he heads what his subjects think, with some justification, is Europe's most democratic nation.

In his guide-book We Danes and You, Morgens Lund in a jocular description of Danish character has said: "Nobody in Denmark looks down on a man who is a millionaire. Similarly it is accepted that a man can be just as good as his neighbor even if he happens to be a count or a prince." And to emphasize that their king is just as good as they are the Danes cannot resist embroidering the truth, although this is quite unnecessary.

At Fredensborg, the royal palace in south Jutland, people insist that Frederik rides daily through the town on a bicycle, breezily greeting everyone he sees. Actually, he does this rarely. Usually he drives a Rolls Bentley which sentimentally bears the license plate 461, his naval cadet number.

In October 1950 when Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill were at Fredensborg a young kindergarten teacher took her class out to the palace road to watch the visitors leave. The time of their departure was unknown and the children stood restively on the roadside, their spirits and their homemade banners wilting. When a man drove by and asked if they were waiting for Mr. Churchill the teacher's voice betrayed her irritation. "Naturally," she said.

"Well, he will drive away at a quarter to two and it will probably be easy to see him from there," said the helpful driver, designating a vantage point. It was not until later when she saw him sitting beside Mr. Churchill that the teacher knew her helper was the King.

At that time Frederik had been king for only three years and it was not surprising that many rural people might fail to recognize him. When German troops occupied Denmark between 1940 and 1945 Frederik, then crown prince, was held a virtual prisoner and before the war he was at sea much of the time. He came to the throne a comparative stranger on the death of his beloved father, Christian X, in 1947.

Frederik is usually delighted when he is mistaken for someone else and his behavior is nothing short of gallant. Two years ago when Queen Ingrid was injured in an automobile accident Danish papers complained because a Swedish reporter got a bedside interview with the King. When the Swede called the switchboard operator, thinking it was



Frederik, colonel of England's famed Buffs, towers over tall Red Dean at a regimental dedication

Ingrid's father, King Gustaf Adolf of Sweden, connected him to the royal ward where Frederik patiently answered questions about his wife's health.

When the interview ended the Swede commented: "For a doctor you don't seem to know much about your job."

"Oh I'm not the doctor," Frederik answered, "I'm only the King."

Frederik himself is supposed to be responsible for one story the Danes tell about him. On a visit to Bornholm he and the Queen were walking through a wood when they met an old lady carrying a basket. He asked her where she was going and what she was carrying. "Eggs," she said. "I'm going to the next town to sell them. They say the new king is arriving and I thought I might as well take a look at him." "Suppose I buy the eggs," Frederik suggested. "Fine," she agreed. "I don't give two hoots for the King anyway."

Frederik's wit is quick, often salty and usually defies translation because so many Danish jokes involve a play on words. He takes as much delight in a funny situation as in a sharp rejoinder and if his presence causes respectful stiffness in others he removes tension with a quip. Once when reviewing army exercises he and his high-ranking escort surprised a group of soldiers playing cards when they should have been guarding a bridge. All contrived to dispose of the evidence but one, who stood stupidly at attention holding his cards at his side. Frederik walked over to him, examined the cards and said: "Never mind old chap, you couldn't have taken a trick with a hand like that anyway."

Frederik is as expansive as his humor. He is the tallest living monarch and the fourth tallest in history. (Third was his father, second George I of Greece, first Peter the Great of Russia.) He is probably the strongest. His liberally tattooed chest measures forty-five inches, his biceps fifteen inches, and it is said he can lift a hundred and forty pounds over his head without breathing hard. He still performs conscientiously the daily setting-up exercises and dumbbell drills he learned from George Walsh, a London mail-order bodybuilder who died last year.

On Christmas holidays at his shooting lodge he rolls in the snow in his swimming trunks before breakfast. He is an enthusiastic fireman on the gymnasium floor as well as in water. His swimming instructor, whom he recently shoved in the tank to satisfy an urge repressed for twenty years, is teaching him distance swimming under water.

The one form of exercise Frederik does not consider a pleasure is walking, largely because he suffers from hirsutism and because walking on tours of inspection and similar ceremonials forms so large a part of the duties of a king, anyway.

His broad face is seamed by sun and laughter, his blue eyes are quick and alert and at fifty-four his dark hair though thinning at the temples is still luxuriant on top. Probably the most remarkable thing about him is his steadfast refusal to allow his crown to inhibit his humanity.

Once when he appeared on the balcony of Copenhagen's Christiansborg Castle—no longer a royal residence but now used for crown offices—to accept birthday greetings from an enthusiastic crowd, he warned: "Please don't cheer too loudly. You'll frighten my little daughter. She'll have to get used to it soon enough."

An American reporter was once startled to see King Frederik stop his car at Christiansborg, leap out, rush across the square and shake hands with a workman replacing some of the brickwork in the road. The workman later explained: "King Frederik and I were once on the same ship. He never forgets a face."

Continued on page 56

WILLIAM OGILVIE, THE YACHT SALESMAN, SAYS THAT

EVERYBODY WANTS TO OWN A YACHT



Ogilvie, on business holiday, with Mrs. Ray Engholm aboard yawl he didn't buy for her husband

Ever since he got into the business he's been buying lunches for people who say they want a sixty-footer with diesel engines, sleeping eight. Trouble is, most of the time these people, like the rest of us, are cold stone broke

By ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

PHOTOS BY H. W. BELOW

TO A large slice of twentieth century humanity, a yacht is a symbol of a gay world of gala gold and glamour. To a world growing more and more self conscious about luxury, there's something stimulating in the very fact that a yacht is so obviously unnecessary.

As one brand-new skipper from Toronto's Bay Street recently said, eyes aglow with pride, "Nothing will get you less return for your money."

In the English language, "yacht" is an unsinkable synonym for "success." "You must visit me on my yacht" is a term commonly used by such vulger people as bums who have just banged an extra long butt. A yachting cap implies a life as far beyond the common man that it sometimes replaces the lampshade in lowbrow comedy. When a man is down to his last yacht he's still floating fathoms deep in luxury.

Most thoroughgoing melodromes sooner or later, move aboard a yacht. Some of our juciest paper backed murders and seductions take place on yachts. Sunday supplement illustrators knew the pull of wholesome girls with spray in their hair accompanied by blurbs about "Daphne knew still waters run deep, but she didn't bargain for what happened on the boss' yacht."

William G. Ogilvie, a calm smiling Toronto man who makes his living selling yachts, has found that it's not only in the world of make believe that the yacht makes people giddy. Although most of his deals are handled with business-like reserve, much of his time is spent trying to keep an even keel while potential clients begin to list crazily from starboard to port at the very thought of a yacht. Yacht buyers get him to order eighty five-thousand-dollar yachts and a week later offer him fifteen hundred to cancel the order and get them another yacht; they refuse to let him talk them out of spending a small fortune on gadgets; refuse to buy any gadgets including things like compasses; ask him to drive a hundred miles to see a yacht, then show him something that has been on shore so long that bordooks are growing through the bottom; order yachts when they haven't got a dime; go down to the cellar and come up like pixies with so much cash that Ogilvie can't count it; have him start designs for dream yachts and then disappear into that strange world where people think they already owe yachts.

Ogilvie began his career as a yacht salesman during the depression when orders were so scarce that he once went for three days without eating. Although he drank so much water he was nearly afloat himself. In those days he used to drop in on depressed businessmen with so approach so surprisingly simple that it had the effect of a super-psychological sales blast.

"I'm in the boat business," he used to say. "and I wondered if you might just happen to want to buy a yacht."

Oddly nearly everyone did. Almost no one could afford a yacht right then, but it was pleasant in those days of hams, bingo and bread lines to lean back, let the economic situation take care of itself for a few minutes, and talk of spinnakers, galleys flying foam and bulging canvas beneath a bright blue sky. Doctors were particularly prone to talk about yachts. They still are. Ogilvie a kindly man, still often feels guilty about all the bandaged patients ent in the waiting room.

Things have changed since those days. The boat business is booming. Ogilvie operates profitably from a small landlocked office at the corner of Bay and Adelaide Streets where he has a line on just about every craft bigger than a rowboat between Sault Ste. Marie and Montreal. Prices of yachts are sky high but everybody wants one. Ten years ago Ogilvie got only the odd request to find a fifty or sixty footer. Now he has more than ten on his list. People who have been so busy making money that the only thing they've seen floating for years is an ice cube are buying yachts that cost as much as their homes and fitting them out with radar, pianos, electric echo-sounder fathometers, ship to shore telephone, auto-electric pilots and dinettes in knotty pine. Families fed up with traffic jams are buying yachts for their holidays and summer week ends. There are so many new yacht owners in Canada that associations known as Power Squadrons have been organized to give free instruction in boat handling, seamanship and navigation.

The newly formed Canadian Marine Trades Association has been set up to re-educate people brought up to stop lights and parking tags in the handling and navigation of watercraft. Motorists who never have the right answer for the traffic cop are now trying to remember how to get on the right side of a channel marker by memorizing "red right returning." It's all part of the fun—the only fine part—of owning a yacht.

A loosening in the meaning of the word "yacht" is reported in the United States as significant. But in Canadian usage, when most people say "yacht" they're still wrong. Boatmen, who are sticklers for terminology and persist in calling beds "berths," kitchens "galleys" and toilets "heads" have a word for anything that floats. What landlubbers are tempted to call yachts the experts call boats. If they want to talk about a particular type of boat they call it by the specific name of hull or rigging: a thirty foot power cruiser, a forty foot sloop, an eight-meter class boat, a Star, an International. If they want to talk of an individual boat, they use its given name: Penguin or Dianne. Although they belong to yacht clubs and don't mind being called yachtsmen or taking part in yacht races, among themselves they reserve the term yacht for racing sailboats of a large cruiser type; say those big enough for four to live on.

Watch What You Call a Yacht

If they say so-and-so "owns a yacht" they are apt to mean not his boat but his way of life, and to pronounce it with a grim smile meaning something jazzy, pretentious, phony and as outdated as a bathtub full of champagne.

But to the ordinary man a yacht is still anything big, bright and brassy, with a blonde or two on board. Girls love yachts and rarely have to be asked twice. They go back to work Monday morning to realize a lifetime dream: being able to tell the rest of the girls casually: "I spent the week end on a yacht." They are very broad-minded about the length a yacht should be.

Ogilvie, who handles any craft long enough to mean a substantial commission, passes no judgment, makes no social distinctions. Other men particularly canvas men, are not so tolerant and are inclined to get a bit salty in their comments.

One member of Toronto's Queen City Yacht Club defined as a typical "yacht" the one purchased recently by a wealthy Toronto man whose wife thought the stateroom's mahogany finish be loved of mariners, was too dull. She had it wall papered.

"With red dots!" the yacht club member added, with cold, glassy eyes.

The really spectacular luxury yachts are dying out fast. There are few left anywhere in the world. President Eisenhower gave the trend official sanction by getting rid of the Presidential Yacht as an unwarranted luxury. Most of the luxury yachts in the south seas have been converted into small coastal freighters called *mafors*. One of the disappearing luxury yachts in the United States, The Savarona, was bought for two and a half million dollars. The owner gave the broker a deposit of a million dollars. When the broker, a suburban dweller, deposited the money in his local bank the bank automatically made him a director.

An American pleasure cruiser named the Heido, available to all comers for one and a half million dollars, has been lying at the causeway in Miami for a year without any takers. The Andrew Mellon houseboat is permanently for sale for four hundred and fifty thousand dollars or available for charter at three hundred and fifty dollars a day.

The biggest yachts around Toronto harbor are Fairmiles, wartime anti-chasers, sold by the Canadian government after the war for three thousand dollars and made into pleasure yachts at a cost of about seventy five and a hundred thousand. A secondhand and reconverted Fairmile would cost only about forty thousand dollars as the larger the boat the greater the drop in price. There are five owned by Toronto men. They normally take five to seven men to operate, although one hardy skipper operates his with one deck hand. To take one across Toronto's mile-wide bay costs about the same as twenty dozen long-stemmed roses. A man



Toronto's yacht super-salesman looks over list of floating properties he has to sell

who took one to Miami last year for the winter spent five thousand dollars on gas and oil. His operating expenses for the season, including the salary of his crew, was fifty two thousand dollars.

Sixty five feet is about the top length for a boat now. Compared to the luxury boats of former times, like J. Pierpont Morgan's three hundred and twenty-foot Corsair, this is a modest toy, but in lay man's language, it's still a yacht, particularly when it's given the full treatment for additional comforts.

A current fad in yachts is seeing how many accessories you can buy for it. The cost of accessories in relation to the cost of the boat has settled down to a fashionable ratio of about one to three. Ogilvie recently had listed with him a fifty seven-foot Chris-Craft motor yacht with two two hundred horsepower diesel engines, at $63,521. The owner had spent an extra $24,636.50 on accessories chiefly odds and ends like a Willis piano, $800 installed wardrobe and desk in deckhouse, $375; a specially designed aft cabin, $992; folding doors for bridge, $708.50; installed cabin heater $540.54, and a list of eighty-five similar

Continued on page 70

THE JET-PROPELLED SQUIRE OF TOLETHORPE HALL

While RCAF daredevils like Madman Kelly scoreh runways at North Luffenham, their wives happily fit themselves into lile in thatehed eottages and ancestral mansions

By McKENZIE PORTER

Photos by William Field



Dean Kelly, his English wife Charmaine, their two daughters, live in this crumbling mansion

LONDON

EVERY morniug ebout seven, Dean Kelly, a six foot-two Cauedion who grew up around his fother's small lumberyord near Petetheroogh, Ont., climbs down from a four-poster bed in a behee-covered sixteenth century mansion in Rutlandshire, has breakfast with his wife and two small daughters, then sets off for work in his little English car.

At the same time, for miles eround in the idyllic countryside, three hundred other Canadian line hands are setting out for work from thatched cottages, rustic inns that have scarcely changed since the Middle Ages rented rooms in village homes that date back to the days of Dick Turpin, from trailer camps and new brick duplexes.

At 7.45 they all parade on the tarmac at North Luffenham airfield as members of No. 1 Fighter Wing, RCAF—one quarter of Canada's contribution to the air fighting strength of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization.

A short time later their school-age children set ont for class with their English playmates in the ancient village of Edith Weston, so named because it once formed part of the western estates of Editha, wife of Edward the Confessor.

Their wives meet in dusty streets that occasionally swarm with the baying foxhounds of the Quorn, shop for such un-Canadian fare as grouse, pheasant, partridge, hare or venison in dark unrefrigerated shops, or gether around the bank of washing machines available in the barracks block by the airfield.

The mass transplanting a settlement of fifteen hundred Canadians into the unspoiled heart of rural England has been achieved with apparent smoothness.

Around North Luffenham, just twenty miles from London, the Canadians seem to have been absorbed into the rolling landscape and the tranquil folkways of the phlegmatic but hospitable villagers and farmers. There have been a few dust-ups in pubs like the Wheatsheaf (rechristened Smokey Joe's) and the Horse and Farmers (more popularly the Neg and Bag), but these have usually been settled by peaceful Canadians ejecting their offending countrymen. Welfare officers have had some legal work in connection with paternity suits, but such cases are rare.

The schoolmaster, Roy Ferguson, who has ninety Canadians among his one hundred and thirty five pupils, sometimes sternly tells a gum-chewing Canadian child that that sort of thing is frowned upon here. On the other hand, the Canadian children have been impressed with the customs of English youth to an appreciable extent. Nearly as many transplanted Canadian boys wear the standard English schoolboy short pantaas stick to Canadian jeans.

The natives speak openly in praise of the visiting airmen. And the central figure of their approbation—and the idol of eurstruck small boys through out England—is Flight Lieut. Eric Dean Kelly.



Judith and Elise Kelly sleep in a four-poster which was heavy when Canada was young



Like other Canadians of North Luffenham, Kelly has acquired English habits like the inevitable tea



Kelly is widely acclaimed as NATO's best jet aerobat. His spine-chilling flying has excited the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh and the King of the Belgians.

Kelly is one of seventy-five pilots in the three squadrons that make up No. 1 Fighter Wing. Thousands of British schoolboys who have watched him soaring, diving, looping and spinning at Farnborough, Ramhem, Yeadon and other famous air displays throughout the United Kingdom, call him "Madman Kelly." His brother officers and many English villagers, who admire the serenity with which he has settled in a wing of moldering Tolethorpe Hall, call him "The Squire."

For nearly two years now the RCAF fighter pilots in Europe have outstripped all other nationalities at aerial agility and fire power. This is because they alone are fully equipped with the F 86 Sabre Jet, the only match in mass production for the Russian MIG. RAF operational units are still flying out-of-date Meteors and Venoms while British designers experiment with prototypes of great promise. USAF operational units in Europe are still flying obsolete Thunderjets as heavily all the American built Sabres were required for Korea.

In consequence the Canadians are the leading attraction at the military air shows which now draw crowds in Europe of up to two hundred thousand. And Kelly, who specializes in demonstrating the Sabre's qualities in a repertoire of thrilling stunts, is the lion of them all.

Paradoxically, he is a retiring and inarticulate man whose shyness is manifest during conversation in much examination of the finger nails and a nervous cracking of the knuckles. When he discusses his flying exploits he frequently touches wood. Although he never smokes himself he always nudges brother pilots if he sees them about to jeopardize their luck by accepting the third light.

Kelly has lost count of the number of times he has dived vertically at more than 760 mph and driven his Sabre through the sound barrier. Sometimes he puts his Sabre into such narrow turns that the centrifugal force drains the blood from his head and for a few seconds he loses his sight.

He flies so high in the air that he has to switch on a heater to save himself from freezing to death in a temperature of a hundred degrees below zero. He flies so low in thick air that he has to switch on a refrigerator to protect himself from the heat generated in the aluminium fuselage by the friction of his velocity.

Luckily, His Pants Caught Fire

All ranks at North Luffenham agree that no other pilot can put a Sabre through such tortuous convolutions at such a variety of speeds in such a restricted cubic space as Kelly. His commanding officer, Group-Captain E. B. Hale, DFC, says: "There is not a pilot to touch Kelly in a Sabre. He is a perfectionist. He flies himself and the aircraft to the limits of tolerance. He frightens me sometimes."

Kelly's mastery of jet flight belies the theory that supersonic aviation requires the reflexes of extreme youth. Kelly is thirty-two, has thirty-six hundred flying hours (more than a thousand in jets) to his credit and brought down two enemy planes in World War II. He claims—although his recent performances seem to belie it—that many adventures in battle have made him a cautious pilot. Once he chased an enemy plane too far back across the Channel, ran out of gas, and had to ditch on the way home. He was rescued by an RAF patrol launch just before the icy ocean proved fatal. Flying cover for the invasion, he was wounded by an incendiary bullet fired from the ground. The bullet passed through the bottom of the plane, the seat, the parachute under him, and pinged Kelly where he sat. "Fortunately," he recalls, "the bullet set fire to the parachute and thus cauterized the wound."

On the ground, in sharp contrast to his jet-age duties, Kelly lives in medieval tranquility behind the gargoyle gables of Tolethorpe Hall. Asked why he chooses to live in such a heavy and inconvenient place, he is characteristically noncommittal. "Oh, I dunno," he says. "I guess it just sort of gets me."

The sixteenth century mansion, now split into what passes for furnished apartments in the core of an isolated community where the famous Melton Mowbray pie is still baked in cottage kitchens and genteel old timers still tackle the hedges and scythe the ditches of the winding lanes. Kelly's children Judith, five, and Elise, four, use furniture that was old when Wolfe assaulted Quebec.

In Kelly's section of Tolethorpe Hall is the original kitchen. It is about thirty feet by forty and in the enormous fireplace there is a spit big enough for roasting an ox. His wife Charmaine, a former English WAAF officer Kelly met and married when he was a World War II pilot, has converted a

To see how Canadians live in rural England, turn the page



TRAILER VILLAGE

Some airmen's wives prefer trailers to unheated houses and will soon be in new brick duplexes built by RCAF



Conrad and Emilia Losen Gaspe. One, meet the local greengrocer as he delivers to the trailers

smaller room into a more convenient kitchen and shut the old place off.

Some of the other Canadian families live as far away as the old towns of Stamford and Oakham, twelve miles from North Luffenham. Eighty families prefer trailers parked near the airfield—they'd rather put up with cramped quarters than brave the comparative icy damp of an English country home in winter. The Canadian wives, though, have at least one good thing to say about the English climate—it has given their children the lovely ruddy cheeked complexion for which English youngsters are famous.

Trailer rents run between thirty-six and forty-five dollars a month; water has to be carried from the adjacent barracks block. More than one hundred families are housed in permanent brick duplexes built by the Canadians to match the trim barracks built by the RAF former occupants of the field. Another fifty duplexes are under construction and will be taken over by the present trailer dwellers.

Most of the Canadians find themselves well off. An aircraftman earns around two hundred dollars a month, which equals an upper-middle-class income in England. Kelly, who grosses nearly five hundred dollars a month, regards himself as rich; he pays sixty a month for his manorial quarters.

The work day on the station ends at five and Kelly, with many of the other Canadians, has formed the relaxing English habit of dropping into a pub for a pint of bitter before going home. Canadian couples often drop in at the pubs in the evenings and week ends. They play darts, dominoes and skittles as placidly as the natives. Most of the men are now wearing English suits off duty.

On the sports field the Canadians have got used to batting out flies while nearby white-trousered cricketers concentrate on net practice. One native team, taught baseball by the Canadians, now regularly beats its mentors. On the other hand, Canadians compete in local soccer leagues, or make use of facilities for boxing, wrestling, swimming, archery, fencing and golf.

On the camp site there are excellent entertainments which keep Kelly's ground crews in high spirits. The welfare officer, Flight-Lieut. A. J. (Barney) Lewis, organizes regular visits by top vaudeville artists and name bands to the canteen. He has enrolled in his Hostess Club more than a hundred English girls who, after getting character references from their employers and a minister, are regularly brought out in buses to dance with the single men. More than sixty marriages have resulted from this arrangement.

A movie show on the field offers three different programs each week.

"Nearly everybody is happy," Dean Kelly says. "When their year is up most of the men volunteer for a second tour. The reason is that life in England is cheap in terms of dollars and the opportunities for travel in England and Europe are so attractive."

Kelly has taken his wife for vacations in Dublin and Paris. On training flights he has visited cities all over Western Europe. During one week in late July he made four trips in his Sabre to Munich, a distance of six hundred miles.

Last year a party from the station went by bus to Rome via the French Riviera and back through the Swiss Alps. The fare was seventy-five dollars per person. Many married couples make trips to Paris, Brussels and Copenhagen. And London is only twenty miles away.

There is a lot of reciprocal entertaining between the Canadian families and their English neighbors. Parties of local men are often shown around the airfield and last summer the Canadians gave a garden party.

The fame that Dean Kelly has won by his amazing exploits at the air shows makes him a natural focus of attention. His daredevil performances before royalty and foreign military brass are house hold anecdotes.

In Brussels, at a NATO air show during the summer of 1952, Kelly dived vertically from a height of forty thousand feet at more than 760 mph and broke through the sonic barrier. He aimed his aircraft directly at the royal box in which King Baudouin of the Belgians was sitting. The double explosion of the shock waves—a phenomenon of trans-sonic speed which strikes the ground directly in the line of flight—broke over the box and shook it violently.

The young King was delighted. Next day he sent a special emissary flying to North Luffenham with an invitation for Kelly to spend a week end at the royal palace and tell him all about it. Kelly was petrified at the idea of yarning with a king. He wriggled out of the invitation.

The layman is impressed with Kelly's speed and mercurial darts to great heights. Pilots however admire the extreme lowness and slowness at which Kelly can fly.

He performed his three most popular routines before the Duke of Edinburgh last May.

Kelly made his bow by approaching the field at 620 mph and at an altitude of only fifty feet. Had he gone straight over the Duke would have seen nothing but a silver streak. To provide the Duke with a longer view he went into a long banking turn. In doing so Kelly submitted his body to a centrifugal stress known as right Gs, or eight times the force of gravity. The pressure on his body against the seat and side of the aircraft was eight times greater than normal. For a second or two he went into nine Gs. The blood drained from his head and he began to lose his sight. Had he remained at this stress a moment longer he would have lost consciousness. The slightest error in judging his small margin of altitude would have meant a crash and instant death.

How Slow Will a Jet Go?

Kelly's next act began with as slow an approach to the field that all the watching pilots looked around apprehensively. The average pilot cannot keep a Sabre in the air at less than 150 mph. Kelly, however, came in at just over the hundred mark, and only fifty feet high, yet managed to keep the aircraft aloft at what anyone else would consider "under flying speed." This involved a touch on the controls like a Braille reader.

After seeming to hover in the centre of the field on the point of dropping Kelly suddenly yanked the nose of the aircraft upward, opened the throttle and looped into a graceful backward somersault. When he was upside down at the top of his arc, only a few hundred feet high, he rolled the Sabre lazily into a right side-up position and flew away.

Kelly next approached the field at 500 mph still at daisy-cutting height. When he reached the centre of the field he again pointed the nose of the Sabre upward. The aircraft climbed vertically for fifteen thousand feet or three miles, slowly corkscrewing the while, first four times to the left then four times to the right. After leveling off to gain more speed Kelly went up to forty thousand feet for his finale.

He started down like a bomb. At thirty-five thousand feet he passed through the sound barrier and aimed the double explosion of shock waves accurately at the Duke's position on the field. Most pilots start pulling out of the trans-sonic dive at twenty-five thousand feet. But Kelly kept on down. He leveled off with only a few hundred feet to spare.

The Duke of Edinburgh made a mock gesture of mopping his brow and said, "Phew!"

Later Kelly and the Duke sat opposite each other at lunch in the mess. Group Captain Hale says: "They got on like brothers. Nobody else could get a word in edgeways for more than an hour and a half."

Kelly says: "I was surprised to find how genuinely clued up the Duke was on aircraft technicalities. He told me that he could save a lot of time if only the brass hats in the British Air Ministry would let him fly his own aircraft to engagements." Kelly said at one point: "Why don't you try a helicopter for short distances sir?" A week later the Duke of Edinburgh flew in a helicopter from the gardens of Buckingham Palace to a military inspection in the south of England and saved himself two hours.

Last July at the Odiham air show the Queen and the Duke stepped in front of Kelly as he sinned by his Sabre for inspection.

"This is the chap I was telling you about dear," said the Duke.

"Oh I *have* wanted to meet you!" said the Queen. "Why were you not doing your aerobatics today?"

Kelly replied dolefully: "It wasn't my turn ran am, and in any case there was no solo stuff on the program."

When the Queen asked Kelly where the Sabre was built and he told her Montreal she said: "But of course. How stupid of me! I went round the plant when I was over there."

Whereupon the Duke gave Kelly a solemn wink and Kelly winked back.

Kelly dislikes being regarded as an entertainer. His job as a solo aerobat, he says, is to show off the Sabre's form to the people whom one day it might have to defend. When he goes slowly he hopes that people will appreciate that in a pinch the Sabre can land on much shorter runways than are normally provided. When he flies low he seeks to emphasize the Sabre's sensitivity and instant response to the controls. When he dives through the sound barrier he is proving the Sabre's resistance to the tremendous vibrations and buffetings set up by the riven air. His rolls, loops and spins disclose the Sabre's great maneuverability which affords its pilot in battle a chance to get in the first shots.

Kelly is amused by his superman reputation. He says he owes his longevity as a fighter pilot to "the prudence you develop when you have a normal quote of fear." ★



TROUSERS ON THE LINE

Mrs. Lawrence Donni of Winnipeg, uses the washing machines in the station barracks



BASEBALL ON THE GREEN

English teams join in ball league; sometimes beat Canadian mentors. Soccer is popular, too.



SKITTLES IN THE PUB

Table skittles amuse Canadians, who also get absorbed in darts and dominoes — or just relax.



SHORTS IN THE SCHOOLROOM

Canadian kids are proud of Edith Weston school. Knicker style is spreading fast.



Prospectors headed for the new base metal bonanza at Grand Falls, N.B., load up for what they hope will be a seventy five cent ride to fortune.

Lincoln Lebreton's One-Man Railroad



This big brash New Brunswicker makes the rules, sells the tickets and drives the engine of a dilapidated but profitable bush railway that bumps man, beast and freight between Bathurst and an abandoned iron mine that suddenly is Canada's newest boom area

By DAVID MACDONALD

Photos by Joseph Sima

SEVERAL YEARS ago when Sir James Dunn wanted to travel the fifteen miles from Bathurst, N.B., to the exclusive salmon pools of Grand Falls he secretary went ahead to inspect the train that was to take him there.

He found it standing on a rusty spur line at Nipisiguit Junction a few miles outside town. What he beheld was the strangest contraption ever to straddle a track: a rickety old piney with canvas sides, standard train wheels and an engine from an ace Ford automobile. Behind it was a home-made flatcar piled high with groceries and assorted passengers. Brightly colored canoes hung from its sides like clusters of bananas. Close by, swapping tobacco and lies with two burly lumberjacks, stood Lincoln Lebreton, a friendly bear of a man who is the engineer, brakeman, conductor, baggage master, yard foreman, mechanic, section hand, dispatcher, general superintendent and sole employee of the Northern New Brunswick and Seaboard Railway.

Dunn's aide shook his head in disbelief. "Sir James," he said with feeling, "I will never ride in THIS!" Lebreton was unabashed. "Then Sir James is going to have one hell of a long walk," he replied flatly. "If Sir James don't go in THIS, Sir James don't go."

The NNBSR still is the only means of travel to Grand Falls, a settlement of twelve families lying deep in the backwoods where the Nipisiguit River spins turbines in the Bathurst Power and Paper Company's hydro plant and cascades over a sheer hundred foot drop.

For the record, Sir James rode with Lebreton. He swung aboard and paid his seventy five cents. The Toonerville Trolley, on its regular bushland commuters call Lebreton's express, started off with a burst of blue smoke. It lurched and screeched around the many sharp bends in the two red streaks of rail that twist and dip through the wilderness.

Forty five minutes later, at the end of the line, the multi-millionaire stepped off, thoroughly shaken but in good humor. He pressed a tip—ten one-dollar bills—into Lebreton's hand.

"Well, now, how'd you like it?" Lincoln asked.

"In all my life," said Sir James feelingly, "I've never had a ride like that!"

If Lebreton was stung

Continued on page 67



Your camera will take color pictures, too

There's a Kodak color film for almost any camera . . box or folding, reflex or miniature, or home movie camera. And it couldn't be simpler to use.

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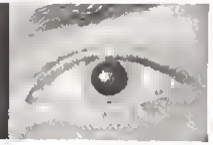
For most miniature cameras you use Kodachrome Film—get color slides for projection (left)—and color prints (enlargements, too) as below.

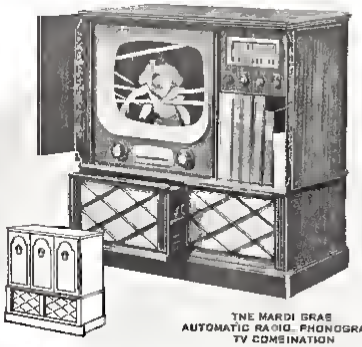
If you have a movie camera you use Kodachrome Film—get crisp, sparkling color movies.

Surest way to fine color pictures . Kodak color film

Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto 9, Ontario

GIVE YOUR EYES A TREAT





THE MARDI GRAS
AUTOMATIC RADIO, PHONOGRAPH, TV COMBINATION

SEE

Electrohome eye-tested television

If you haven't had the pleasure of watching Electrohome Eye-Tested Television, you should arrange to do so as soon as you can. Here's why Electrohome offers you what you want and what you have a right to expect—a clear, steady picture—a picture you can watch for as long as you like, *without any eye-strain whatsoever*. Give your eyes a treat—arrange with your nearest Electrohome dealer to show you Eye-Tested television in your own home—soon!

Choose from a wide range of table or console models in period or modern designs—all providing clear, steady viewing enjoyment. Equipped for UHF-VHF reception. $419.50 to $950.00



THE ESQUIRE
Electrohome Dividend-sized cabinets and famous concert hi-fi tone-chamber combine symphonic music with the best in radio and record entertainment. From smart table models to the finest AM-FM combinations, Electrohome is priced to fit every budget—styled to complement every room—$299.95 to $490.00

Now, more than ever, you'll be proud to own

Electrohome
TELEVISION and RADIO
FURNITURE STYLED BY Deilcraft

Electrohome Kitchener, Ontario—Makers of "Eye-Tested" Television, Radios, Foot Heat Circulators, Humidifiers, Custom Radio and TV for "Built-Ins", Dehumidifiers, Home Freezers, Automatic Clothes Dryers and Driftcraft Occasional Furniture.

Maclean's Movies



Jean Hagen, The Girl Next Door, her last picture before taking the veil

CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

DANGEROUS WHEN WET: Esther Williams as a Channel swimmer, Fernando Lamas as a French champagne salesman who adores her, in a frothy water musical which adds up to quite a bit of fun.

THE GIRL NEXT DOOR: This was the last movie June Haver made before entering a convent. Almost any of her earlier efforts might have been a worthier adieu to her public although Dan Dailey and Dennis Day contribute a few lively moments.

IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE: Except for the gimmick value of fairly good 3-D photography and the rearranging thought that other planets may not want to destroy Earth, this is a quite conventional specimen of science fiction on the screen.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII: Watch for this 1933 British item if it pops up in your vicinity as a re-issue. It romps along outrageously with most of the current crop of historical comedy-dramas.

THE SILVER WHIP: A laughing gunman (Dale Robertson) a hero-worshipping youngster (Robert Wagner) and a rugged sheriff (Rory Calhoun) briskly involved in a competent little western.

SOMBRERO: A tumbling overcrowded chronicle of events both farcical and tragic in a steamy Mexican village with an expensive cast including Cyd Charisse, Pier Angeli, Yvonne de Carlo and Ricardo Montalban. Excellent Technicolor.

SOUTH SEA WOMAN: Marine Sergeant Burt Lancaster's roaring-mouthed introduction as a carrier of flashback explaining how he and a buddy (Chuck Connors) got mixed up with a show girl (Virginia Mayo) on a tropic isle. Funny in spots but it tries too hard.

TIMES GONE BY: There are nine separate stories in this British omnibus, and some of them are arty or tedious, but the best two or three of them are amusingly adult.

Gilmour Rates

Arena 3 ½ miles western. Fair
The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms Sea fantasy. Fair
Brandy for the Parson Comedy. Fair
Call Me Madam Musical. Topo
The Cruel Sea Navy drama. Excellent
Cry of the Hunted Drama. Fair
Desert Song Musical. Fair
Desperate Moment Drama. Fair
Dream Wife Comedy. Fair
Elizabeth is Queen Coronation. Good
Fast Company Turf comedy. Poor
Fort Ti 3-D adventure. Fair
Genevieve An Irish comedy. Good
Gentlemen Prefer Blondes Comedy plus music. Good
Henry V (colour) Shakespeare. Topo.
Hiawatha Longfellow's legions. Fair
The Hitchhiker Suspense. Excellent
Hondo! Naked up biography. Fair
Invasion From Mars Adventure. Poor
It Happens Every Thursday Small-town newspaper yarn. Fair.
Julius Caesar Shakespeare. Excellent
Law and Order Western. Fair
Lili Marcel fantasy. Excellent
Long Memory Irish drama. Fair
Man on a Tightrope Drama. Good.
Member of the Wedding Drama. Fair
The Moon is Blue Comedy. Good
Moulin Rouge Drama. Excellent
The Net Avoid at dinner. Good
Never Let Me Go Drama. Fair
Off Limits Army comedy. Good
Peter Pan Disney cartoon. Excellent.
Pickup on South Street Drama. Good.
A Queen is Crowned the Coronation in Technicolor. Excellent.
Raiders in the Sky RAF drama. Good
Sangaree Melodrama in 3-D. Fair
Stranger at Scarlet Comedy-drama in rural Ontario. Good
Sea Devils Spy drama. Fair
The 7 Deadly Sins Multi-story comedy dinner. Fair
Shane Western. Excellent
Small Town Girl Comedy. Fair
Split Second Suspense. Good
Stalag 17 Prison camp tale. Good
The Stars Are Singing Musical. Good
The System Crime melodrama. Fair
Titanic Drama at sea. Fair
The Vanquished Drama. Poor
Whirl Wind Ocean-liner jungle melodrama. Fair
Yellow Balloon Suspense. Excellent
Young Scarface Crime drama. Fair

3 great Buicks

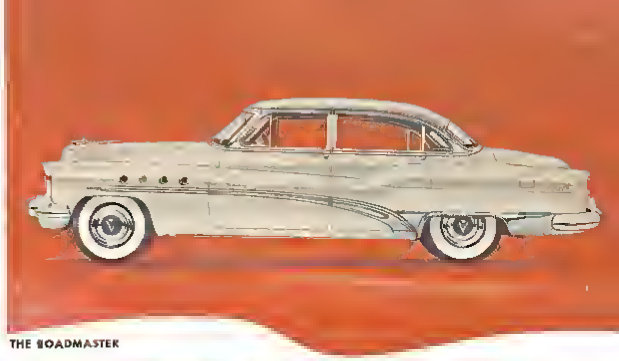
And their beauty is just the beginning

There's a big story in the price of each of these beauties—but an even bigger one in what you get for that price! You get the highest horsepower ever engineered into the Custom series from the newly designed, extra-thrifty 322 Fireball 8 engine. You get real big-car comfort and roominess, too, plus the steady going and sweet handling of the Million Dollar Ride. All this—and much more—is yours for only a few dollars more than the cost of many cars in the "low-price" field!

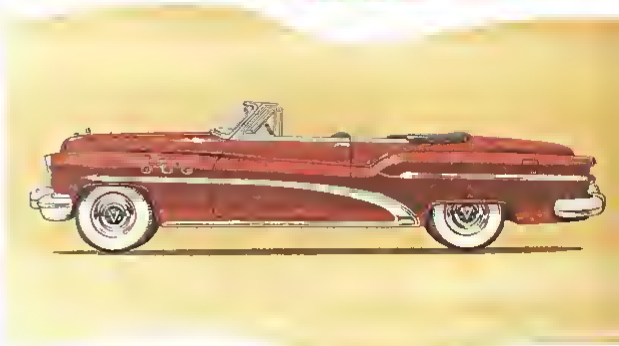
The Buick Super too, is unmatched for value—on whatever basis you measure the worth of a motor car. Its power is outstanding, thanks to the sensational performance of Buick's great new V-8 Fireball engine. Its ride is outstanding, too—level and steady and lullaby soft. In all respects in fact, *everything* is outstanding in this handsome Buick which brings you quality that far oversteps the usual confines of the medium-price field.

And, of course, the lordly Roadmaster is an engineering achievement in the truest sense—capped with a brilliant new 188 h.p. V-8 Fireball engine. Sensational Twin-Turbine Dynaflow Drive, optional on the other Buick series, is standard on Roadmaster. Buick Power Steering is optional at extra cost on all series. Power Brakes, which cut the need for pedal pressure by as much as 50%, are an extra-cost option on Roadmasters and Supers. Why not visit your Buick dealer—today—and inspect the most spectacular Buicks ever built?

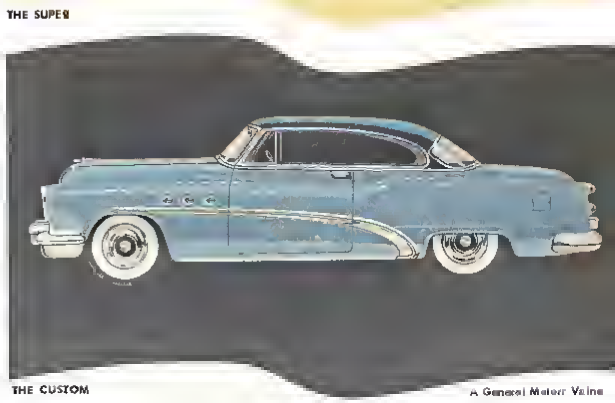
When better automobiles are built Buick will build them



THE ROADMASTER



THE SUPER



THE CUSTOM

A General Motors Value

The greatest

BUICKS

in 50 great years

THE START OF IT ALL!



What do we mean

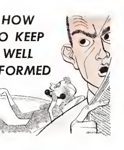
"Don't take any wooden nickels!"

The ancient Byzantines coined wooden money. As this had no value in itself, it soon proved unpopular. From this comes the saying, "Don't take any wooden nickels." That was **the start of it all.** Many people have piled up their nickels and dimes to convert into dollars—and have then opened savings accounts with The Canadian Bank of Commerce—the Bank where a million and a half Canadians have savings accounts. If you, too, would enjoy a feeling of greater security and independence, a savings account can be **the start of it all.**

M-15

The Canadian Bank of Commerce

HOW TO KEEP WELL INFORMED



By STUART TRUEMAN

Drawing By Wiston

I CAN'T understand why wives telling with other women on the phone have to keep their husbands in a constant state of curiosity, anxiety or alarm. They do it by letting their husbands overhear, so they try to look at the newspaper, tantalizing bits and pieces of the conversation.

As every husband knows, this is done on purpose. It's a perverse feminine trait. The idea is to prevent husbands from reading the paper properly.

I had been listening to these conversational fragments — interspersed with sudden peals of laughter, shrieks of surprise and ominous whisperings — for years. Although I resolutely held my paper in front of my eyes I found I kept reading the same item over and over again.

In a supreme effort to break the habit and make myself better informed on the news I steeled my will power when the phone rang the other evening. I determined, come what may, to read on until I had finished the paper.

It worked very successfully. I'm sure any other husband can do it, too, simply by developing his ability to concentrate. It's all a matter of self discipline.

"Yes, Betty," my wife was saying as I fixed my gaze intently on the middleweight bout on the sports page, "we've invited the Grrrichs and the Brownwells. Who? Oh yes—and the Smiths too. Pardon? Oh no, we're not having *them*. Stuart doesn't like them. He just can't stand them."

A chill went up my spine. The paper sagged. It was either the Grindleys or the McCaskins and she had no business telling Betty I didn't like them. I merely said they were awfully dull company.

Apprehensively I focused my eyes on the paper again, but I was dismayed to find I was reading the middleweight bout a second time.

"We had them last year," she went on blithely, "and Stuart said once was enough. Never again."

It was the McCaskins! They were the ones we had last year. I dropped the paper, rushed out to the hall and grimaced at her, frowning and shaking my head emphatically to mean "For mercy's sake leave me out of it."

"Stuart said," she reaffirmed, smiling at me, "he'll never allow them in the house again."

I whispered hoarsely, "*Betty is a cousin of the McCaskins*," but she just motioned me away. I tried sighing and looking up imploringly at the ceiling light fixture, to show that heaven only knew what she might say next. But she continued, holding me off with one foot. "Stuart says he shudders just to look at them."

The realization struck me that Fred McCaskin was one of my best customers for fire insurance. I attempted in panic to get the idea across by gesture.

"I don't know what's the matter with him!" my wife remarked with mild annoyance. "I guess he wants to phone. He's standing here lighting matches near the curtains and waving a dollar bill. He's either threatening to burn the house down or trying to bribe me."

This was agonizing. Betty was quick witted, I knew. She'd catch on instantly to a clever pantomime like that.

Breathing heavily I snatched the phone and exclaimed, "Don't let her kid you, Betty. I'm not only asking the McCaskins to the party but I'm thinking of inviting them to stay for the week end."

My wife grabbed it back, her hand clenched over the mouthpiece. "Are you crazy?" she said. "Now we'll have to ask the McCaskins!"

As I went into the living room and picked up the paper I heard her say — she sounded quite angry, for some reason. "That's a sample of what I have to put up with, Betty. No, I can't understand it either, what got into him. Well, anyway, as I was saying, I'm absolutely *not* going to have fricasseed quahaugs again. But I know he likes smoked oysters, so I may get *them*."

I finished the paper all right. I found out who won the middleweight bout only a few moments later, over a bromo at the drugstore. ★

"Enriched" Bread Adds Nutrition to Party Snacks

"Toast for Tea"—with the underlying goodness of Vitamin-enriched flour

When the moment is one of relaxation, the occasion gay or restful as may be, your thought is to offer food that will charm your guests, delight your family. How doubly successful you are when you have the nutritional score in mind, as well as the enjoyment rating!

Tricky toasts are a standby with the knowing hostess—little fingers or squares with a topping that is savory and appetizing or one that combines special flavor with sweetness.

Added "Protective" Elements

Toast fancy or plain can now be made from the fine white bread which seems so delicate, but which packs such sturdy virtues as three of the most important B vitamins and iron, thus adding protective elements to energy-producing bread. Nutritional advantage — right in your bright party fare! Just try some of these delicious toast specialties with the low cost and the high appeal.

Savory—and Irresistible



Lightly toast enriched bread slices, remove crusts, spread with butter or margarine, cut into squares and use as base for:

Squares à la King: Combine ½ can thick condensed cream of chicken soup (or cream of mushroom soup) with 2 tablespoons chopped canned pimento and about ⅓ cup chopped toasted pecans. Spread on prepared toast and bake until heated through — 3 to 5 minutes at 450°. Always a hit!

* * *

Working quickly, spread hot golden toast with one of the following mixtures, cut into slim fingers or squares and serve at once.

Anchovy Fingers: Blend anchovy paste to taste, into butter or margarine.

Sardine Shapes: Add a little lemon juice and plenty of fresh-ground pepper to mashed sardines or suitable fish paste. Spread toast first with butter or margarine.

* * *

Cheese Teasers: Spread hot toast with soft butter or margarine, ... shred cheese over top ... cut into fingers. Broil until cheese is bubbly — ½ to 1 minute.

Variations:

1. Into the soft butter or margarine, blend to taste your choice of prepared or dry mustard ... Worcestershire sauce ... finely-chopped pickle or olives. Top with the shredded cheese and broil as above.
2. Prepare the basic Cheese Teasers, then sprinkle with a few tiny pieces of lightly cooked bacon or chopped nuts. Broil as above.

* * *

Golden Pinwheels: As a variation of cheese dreams, use as a spread for loaf-long slices of crust-free bread, a filling such as one of the anchovy, sardine or cheese mixtures already suggested ... roll up like miniature jelly rolls, wrap and chill, slice, and bake at 450° until golden — about 5 minutes.

Sweet—and Flavorful

Peanut Strawberry Treats: Blend a little thick strawberry jam (the berry part) with peanut butter and spread on hot golden toast. Very beguiling!

Orange Fruit Toast: Just blend in a little grated orange rind into soft butter or margarine before spreading on lightly-toasted fruit bread. Simple and sumptuous.



Honey Butter Toast: Cream well ½ cup butter or margarine and blend in about ½ cup liquid honey to make of nice spreading consistency. Store in covered jar. A delectable spread.

Variations: Add a little grated orange or lemon rind ... or a few chopped nuts ... or some finely-cut coconut ... or a few drops of good maple flavoring ... or a little ground cinnamon.

Cinnamon Sprinkle: To turn a quick trick, mix 2 tablespoons fine granulated or fruit sugar, 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon and a few grains nutmeg. Keep in a spice shaker. Sprinkle on hot buttered toast.

Cinnamon Toast: Cream until fluffy ½ cup butter or margarine, 2 teaspoons ground cinnamon, ⅓ cup brown or fine granulated sugar. Spread thinly on hot toast (will do 8 slices) and serve at once.

Variations: Add 2 teaspoons grated orange ... ½ cup chopped nuts ... or dash of grated nutmeg.

Oven-Fragrant Goodies...

Treats from your Baker that "make" a menu



Just set a sparkling rich fruited *Coffee Ring* on the table ... see how it *lifts* the meal! Or pass around those oven-fragrant *Pecan Buns* to pique the appetites of your family and guests! Be the hostess—let the baker make your menus with his inspiring variety of delightful things. Choose something tempting from his assortment today.

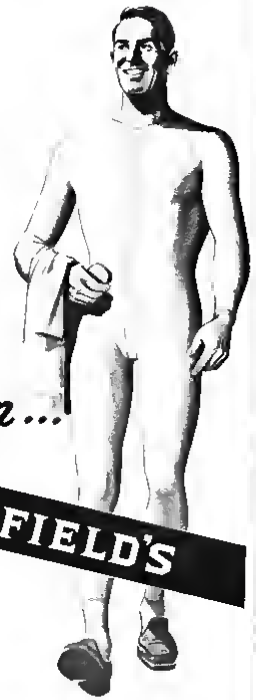


Published by the makers of Fleischmann's Yeast as a contribution to national welfare through increased consumption of Canadian wheat products

Let your Baker be your Menu Maker!

THE BEST FIT...

next to your skin...



STANFIELD'S



It may be soft and it may be warm—but when underwear doesn't *fit* properly, comfort is out of the question! Stanfield's Unshrinkable Underwear is *made* to fit—easily and comfortably—without binding, bulging or creeping up. Warm, soft Stanfield's, because of an exclusive process, keeps its fine texture free from matting, through countless washings and wearings.

Look for Stanfield's—for the whole family—at better stores across Canada. Styles include combinations in button-front or no-button styles with long or short sleeves and separate shirts and longs, the longs with double seat and front panel for double wear.

STANFIELD'S
Unshrinkable
UNDERWEAR
STANFIELD'S LIMITED, TRURO, N.S.

The First Great Crisis

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

came a repressed snickering from a back corner of the tent; it was not much an explosion of hardly noticeable loftiness. Ezra stopped and sent a stern eye in that direction. He went on with the announcements.

"Next Sunday there will be Sabbath—God willin' or not. There will also be baptizing as the minister has asked me in a letter written to me personal. I want all your infants brought to church. I'm gonna baptize them. I'm gonna baptize them good—they're gonna be sprinkled both ends."

The Lord's Prayer followed; then another hymn. Ezra stood up with a limp leather Bible in his hand.

The Gospel accordin' to Saint Mark," his deep voice announced. "Chapter five—verses one to four teen." He opened the Bible at the place his thumb held, lowered his head.

And they came over unto the other side of the sea:" He broke off—looked up. "That's the Sea of Galilee." His head lowered again. "... into the country of the Gadarenes. And when he was come out of the ship, immediately there met him out of the tombs a man with an unclean spirit, who had his dwelling among the tombs: and no man could bind him, no, not with chains."

Again he stopped to look out at the attentive congregation. "He was crazy in a graveyard." Back to his text. "Because that he had been often bound with fetters and chains, and the chains had been plucked asunder by him, and the fetters broken in pieces; neither could any man tame him. And always night and day, he was in the mountains and in the tombs, crying, and cutting himself with stones:"

Ezra lifted his eyes again from the Bible. "This man had entered into him the Wendigo—nobody'd have anything to do with him any time and that was because they were afraid of him and they knew the next thing that'd happen he'd be eatin' them to feed the Wendigo. That was why they'd tried to picket him only he broke the picket chain and away he went with the peg dragging. Can't tie up the Wendigo.

"But when he saw Jesus afar off, he ran and worshiped him, and cried with a loud voice and said, What have I to do with thee, Jesus, thee Son of the most high God? I adjure thee by God, that thou torment me not. For he said unto him, Come out of the man, thou unclean spirit. And he asked him, What is thy name? And he answered, saying, My name is Legion: for we are many."

Wendigo talkin' now. Wendigo worried now that he heard Jesus say to get out of there. Wendigo comfortable inside that warm belly there and don't want to be spunked out of there like steers outa buckbrush. So here's what Wendigo said next outa this crazy man: "And he besought him much that he would not send them away out of the country. Now there was there, nigh unto the mountains, a great herd of swine feeding. And all the devils"—not one Wendigo—great bunch of Wendigos this man had inside him there—"and all the devils besought Him, saying, Send us into the swine, that we may enter into them."

Well Jesus obliged. And forthwith Jesus gave them leave. And the unclean spirits went out, and entered into the swine: and the herd ran violently down a steep place into the sea (they were about two thousand); and were choked in the sea."

"Two thousand—that man had inside him all the Jerusalem Wendigos till Jesus came ridin' by. Jesus knew it. Jesus He climbed down and inside a minute He was talkin' to the two thousand Wendigos. 'Up outa there!' he said. 'HIY-YAH—now get outa that!' I got My apostles with Me today! We're herdin' Wendigos outa the finest reserve this man's soul! HAH-RAH HOO now! Apostle drags an' apostle swings an' Me for the lead, we get the long lasso ropes with knots in their ends—WHAH-HAH HOO see—out you get—move fast there now, for we don't mind shrink and this man's got the cross and crown on him and you got the runnin' fork brand the devil on your flanks! HAH-HUH HAH RIPPPPPEEEEEEE!' Out they came. Instherin' both sides an' belly to the ground—out they did come—cow devils an' calf devils—and bel



lowin' an' bawlin'—out they come with their tails up—out come the bull Wendigos an' the steer Wendigos with their eyes blazin' and their noses breathin' brimstone an' white fire like lightnin' runnin' round the mountain tops! Some them started back in, but the apostles was there with their cuttin' horses workin' an' their lasses flyin', suckin' 'em out by both feet. And into the swine they went on the full run steers, and bulls and calves—two and three-year-olds—some of 'em crowdin' three and four at a time into the same pig then gettin' shoved out and each findin' his own pig for himself!

"Then the herd pigs stampeded—way they went in a cloud of dust, through buckbrush and jack pine, down the draws and over the side hills up to the belly in suckin' muskeg with Jesus an' the apostles hard after 'em. Till they come to this cut-bank at the edge the Sea Galilee. Hundred foot drop right into the sea. And over went the lead pig—straight down and into the water below—CHUH MUCK! And after him come the next one—CHUH MUCK!"

Seated beside Mrs. Sheridan Grace felt a thrill of appreciation course through her. CHUH MUCK—what onomatopoeic exactness! And she saw that Ezra, too, must have long ago recognized the rightness of CHUH MUCK for the demented Gadarene swine as their bodies dropped into the water. What a satisfying sound of completion, suggesting a rock or a portion of earth with grass, bush roots and all reluctantly leaving the parent bank to drop with a gulp into the river below.

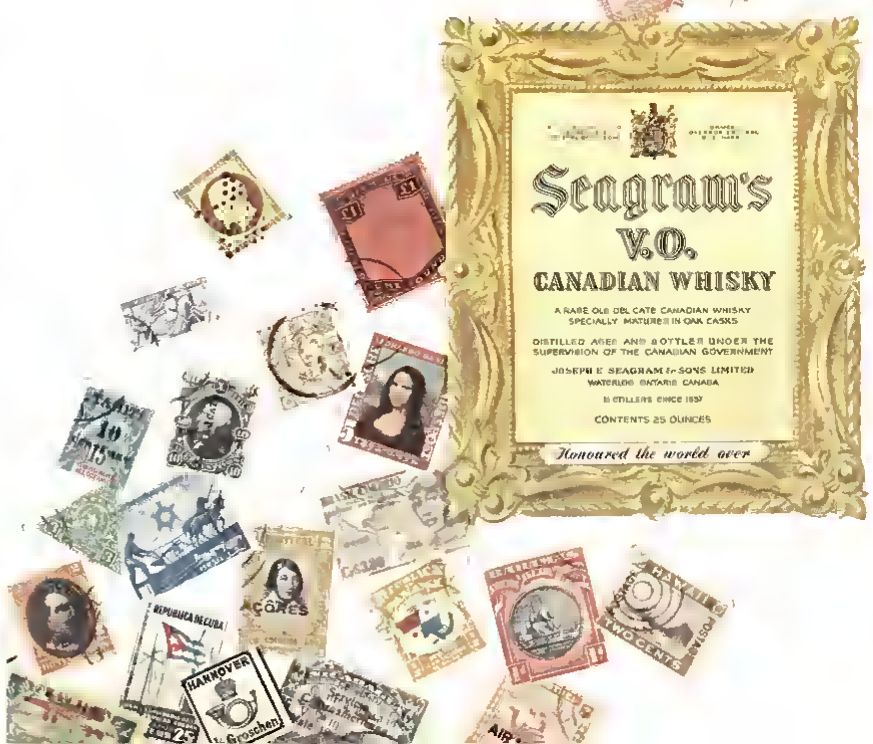
"And the next—CHUH MUCK!"

He wasn't going to do the whole two thousand of them surely!

"CHUH MUCK! Pause. "CHUH MUCK!" Pause. "CHUH MUCK!"

She began to count, watching the spellbound listeners fascinated with each succeeding CHUH MUCK that meant more pork going to waste in the

Of all whiskies exported throughout the world from any country, more Seagram's V.O. is sold than any other brand.



Whistle Bait!



Be Smart—Win A WINTER WARDROBE... FREE!!

Kiss your wardrobe worries good-bye. Here's your chance to win and select a complete winter wardrobe and have KAYSER pay the bills! KAYSER offers you exciting Whistle Bait items in gloves, hosiery and panties. All new, all different, all with you in mind. Here's the big plus in KAYSER values: When you make a dollar purchase or more of KAYSER in your favourite store you may enter this grand KAYSER limerick contest. It's easy—it's fun!

Just complete this Limerick:

"When you buy lingerie, gloves or hose,
There's a brand name that everyone knows,
When a girl's wearing KAYSER,
The whistles surprise her—

* .....

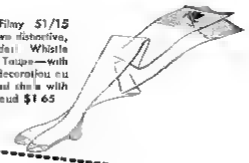
Pert and saucy little ultra briefs of fast-washing Nylon Tricot — lace trim, elasticized waist. White, Azure and Blossom — a novelty whistle and chain with each pr. Sizes 4 to 7 $1.79



High-style shortie of double woven viscose ... novel corduroy trim and cuff. Eight smart shades to choose from. Whistle and chain with each pair $1.95

Filmy 51/15

KAYSER Nylons in two distinctive, aptly named shades! Whistle Beige and Whistle Taupe—with a colourful parrot decoration on the welt. Whistle and chain with each pair $1.50 and $1.65



HERE'S WHAT YOU DO:

Go to your local store that sells KAYSER and get an entry blank. It will contain complete contest rules. Simply write last line of limerick and send it with your sales slip (for reasonable facsimile) showing purchase of KAYSER merchandise of $1.00 or more.

Notify us at once if your favourite store does not carry KAYSER. Julius Kayser & Co. Limited, University Tower Bldg., Montreal 2. Contest ends October 31, 1953 — All winners will be notified by mail on or about December 1, 1953

FIRST PRIZE — $500 — Winter Wardrobe

SECOND PRIZE — $250.— Winter Wardrobe.

THIRD PRIZE — $100.— Accessory Wardrobe.

100 OTHER VALUABLE PRIZES—Each consisting of three pairs of KAYSER Nylons.

NOTE TO KAYSER DEALERS—Merchandise prizes will be purchased from you at full retail prices. Your profits mean you win too.

KAYSER

HOSIERY • GLOVES • LINGERIE

Sea of Galilee. Ezra stayed with it for fifty CHUH-MUCKING pigs, then called for the next hymn.

When it was done, various somebores stood up one by one and spoke a few words in their own language. One woman seemed quite moved, starting out with faint nubbility, her hand held cupped before her mouth. Then as emotion seemed to rise in her, the voice became stronger and stronger, though still thin with a wailing note. It was during one of these testimonials of faith or hope or grief that the soft snickering subsided again.

Ezra raised a hand to silence Judy Rolf-In-The-Mud, then pointed a long arm toward the beach of the tent where the interruption had its birth. "There is the devil's corner," he announced. Heads turned to the back. "Every church got one of those, devil's corners. So there it is, and there's his young people. Look upon the scoffers and the unbelievers and the hype-pricks!"

The startled faces of the young boys he pointed out blushed and lowered in shame. Ezra nodded. "Go on now, Judy," he said gently. "Finish up and then we'll have Though Your Sins Be As Scarlet and that will be all for this service."

A HIATUS settled over Paradise Valley during the next few weeks; under the sun the grass turned brown, many of the band had left for haying with the neighboring ranchers. There would be another two weeks until school opened. Almost daily Carlyle went fishing with Hugh, discovering a patience in himself that surprised him slightly.

The first day of the school term Carlyle walked over to the building, hissed himself at his desk while he waited for the children to come. By ten o'clock he had one pupil, a shy and speechless and therefore to him a nameless girl of ten or eleven. She sat in the last desk of the farthest corner. When he asked her where the other children were she dropped her head. Black hair, untarnished down so that all he had of her was the brilliant twinkle of rhinestone barrette. The pale nausea of the hair part down the centre of her head. He turned away to the board to write down a few test sums, a line from the Grade Two reader to be copied for an evaluation of their writing and printing.

When he turned back, he caught the wild flick and dart of eyes before the head lowered again in excruciating embarrassment. It was then that he checked his watch, realized it was almost an hour since he had rung the bell. One child! Out of thirty-five one only! What kind of setup was this? No one had told him to expect this—with all that gratuitous information—Saulters, Sheridan, Fyfe! Why hadn't they told him? And why the hell did he do now? He couldn't sit here and ridiculously wait for pupils who were obviously not coming! What was wrong with their parents, surely there must be some of them with enough gumption to bring unwilling children to school! Or was it the parents who were keeping them away? Where were they — at home in the tents? By God!

The door frame shook as he slammed from the school room. Halfway to the house he stopped, turned, looked to the south where the tepees were pitched above the Agency buildings. No point in going to Grace, having to explain to her—they weren't coming to him. Well, he'd go to them! At the first tent his eye caught a flick of movement by the woodpile. He rounded it just in time to clutch the shoulder of a crouching boy.

"Why aren't you at school? Where are your—you any brothers! Sisters! Where's your father—your mother!"

Dark eyes refused to look into his face.

"Now—you get going—get to that schoolhouse as fast as you can go!" He gave the boy a push in the proper direction. The child made a few staggering steps, wheeled and catching balance ran with body half bent and elbows pumping into pines behind the tepee. His breath still coming hard Carlyle watched the disappearing boy knew that he had gone about it wrong. The next one would be different.

At the neighboring tepee no child or adult was in sight. Near at the next. Helplessly and fruitlessly angry, he strode over open pasture without bothering to look for children outside he pulled aside the tent flap. He faced MacLean. Powder face, seated cross-legged on a red and white cow hide, bare to the waist. He was in the act of rolling a cigarette. Mrs. Powder face stooping to put kindling on the fire, turned a startled round fat face to him. Beyond the fire sat a child.

"How old is he?"

Still-seven. MacLean's surprise had evidently shaken him free for the moment from the worst of his speech impediment.

"Why isn't he at school?"

He huh yuh hah-huh huh. His jerking hands had ripped the half rolled cigarette, his head twitched saliva flew.

"Never mind! He's supposed to be there! An hour ago!" Carlyle directed his eyes to the child. "Get up!"

The boy moved not a muscle.

"Then I take you!" He lifted the child to his feet, gave him a shove. The boy stumbled ahead a few steps; he hooked up a indecorously exact and equal number of steps. Carlyle, before the shocked eyes of the parents, grabbed a handful of denim shirt with the other hand he took the boy by the faded seat of his pants. He marched him from the tent at a protesting angle, cliff hauled. Then prancing across the pasture and down the rise, all the way to the school.

Still holding the thin shirt he opened the door and pushed him inside. That made that made two anyway. When he closed the door this time he latched it on the outside. As he turned away he was confronted by Ezra Shot-Close.

"Trouble Mr. Sinclair?" The deep voice made the question gently.

"Not now," said Carlyle. "I'm rounding everyone of them up if it takes till dark!"

Ezra gave a slow and approving nod. "Be sure to look in the tepee."

"I did—that's where I got that one."

Again Ezra nodded. "But they won't be in the tepee when you go back for more."

"I'll find them!"

"You will." He fell into step with Carlyle.

"I can handle this myself."

"Sure. Sure. I had another suggestion."

"Yes?"

"Try the—don't bust in on 'em. Go quiet like on a deer—use the hush—try the hush." He stopped. "If the hush is no good—try the tree."

It came to Ezra's last suggestion in the end. The first part of the trees without branches thick enough for adult weight was the worst. The children had evidently had selective practice in Dingle-Dangle scaling those spruces and pines that presented too great an obstacle for the computer's old Methodist legs. Carlyle used the caution Ezra advised, but it was not he eyes that gave him first sight of a truant child; through the faint wind wash of boughs he would hear a high giggle, a repressed snort, a carelessly



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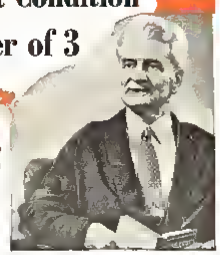
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loud whisper. As he climbed back and twigs, bits and needles would be frantically dislodged as a child tried to scramble down the other side of the trunk and away from him.

When he returned with his first brace, the Powderface child and the little girl were gone. He saw that they had made their escape through the south window. With hammer and nails from the supply room he made it fast, then went out for more students. By noon he had rounded up nineteen, including the Powderface boy and the little girl. He had done no teaching nor did he know what he could do with them now he had them all gathered together. It was one o'clock, an hour past lunch. He couldn't release them for their meal, he couldn't leave them there and go for his. The dilemma was resolved when Grace knocked, she had wondered what was keeping him. He explained and of course she found it highly amusing, suggested she would stay with them while he went home to his lunch. He should bring back with him, she said, bread and butter and jam and cocoa, feed them in the school room.

In a sense the plan worked. The children ate, and they did spend the rest of the school day within the confines of the room. But after Grace had left he did not get a single answer or response of any sort from any one of them. They sat at their desks, dark faces blank, the only communication with their teacher made by nineteen sets of sebaceous glands, a strange and oriental spice-sweat laced with the smouldering bitterness of willow smoke and the rawness of buckskin moccasins.

He had been unable to mark their attendance in the register, for he had not elicited a single name from them. When he let them go at four o'clock he was filled with a great tiredness, a spiritual as well as a physical exhaustion. But with it there was a stubborn resolve as well; he'd yank them out of every tepee on the reserve, climb every God-damned tree in the province! They'd come to his school and they'd put in their time in his school! He'd root out the devils of stubbornness, dumbness and dilatoriness just as surely as had Jesus into the Gadarene swine!

THE NEXT DAY he bagged thirteen, with three who had shown up more or less voluntarily, that made an attendance of sixteen. After the third successive morning of spooking children out of tents, woodpiles, trees and bushes he talked it over with Grace.

"I have a feeling Mr. Shot-Close might help you. Car."

"Why? He's one of them, isn't he? It's obvious few of them have any desire for their children to attend school."

"I don't know about that. When they welcomed us—his prayer about teaching the children—"

"Is now an evident lot of eyewash!"

"No—I think their sincere and in a way perhaps they are."

"Well," Carlyle sighed, "but how do you think he could help me?"

"He gets them together for meetings, for church services. From the two we've attended, there's been a suggestion that he exercises—that he has some sort of authority over them."

"I doubt it."

"You could ask him to hold another meeting. At least you'd get a chance to talk to the parents together—try to explain to them what you want to do. It's worth a try, isn't it?"

"Might be."

"Perhaps Mr. Sheridan could give you some help—"

"I don't want it. He let me walk into it without warning. He—"

Carlyle broke off. "I did mention it to him last night."

"Did you?"

"You don't have to sound so surprised. He wasn't. He said something about forgetting to mention it to me beforehand. When I told him I'd managed to get only fifteen to twenty into the school then he seemed mildly interested—said that was about three times more than Dingle ever got."

Grace laughed. "Then we're making progress."

"It isn't funny! And I'm not! Damn it—I haven't got half their names—haven't taught a lesson. It's school—not a bloody endurance contest!"

"I know, dear. We've got to—"

A tapping at the kitchen door interrupted her.

It was Ezra Shot-Close. With customary abruptness he stated his business.

"You aren't gonna wear them kids out, Mr. Sinclair. I have come further to see if I can aid you."

"Thanks," said Grace. "We wondered if you might."

For a moment the broad face with its flaring nostrils showed pleasure. "That's nice. Now at first I thought we might hold a meetin' and Mr. Sinclair could talk to them. But Mr. Sinclair and Mrs. Sinclair you can do a lot of talkin' with these people and it don't come to very much at all. Meetin's was invented by the Indians. Already there's a petition goin' around the Valley."

"What about?" asked Carlyle.

"About you." For handlin' Gatine Powderface rough by the seat of the pants the first mornin' of school. MacLean's got sixty names."

Sixty names for what?" Carlyle felt his face flush hot.

"For you to leave and us to get another teacher."

"No!" Grace's voice was unaccustomarily shrill with indignation.

"Hold on—" mothed Ezra, raising a hand. "I said Indians invented the meetin'—they didn't invent the petition—they always got that natural. I said MacLean had sixty names on that petition—well he has—he got Johnny Snow and the both of them signed down all the sixty names themselves. Most of these Indians spend most their time goin' to meetin's or gettin' up petitions—doesn't mean—"

"You're sure."

"That's right. Mr. Sinclair. The petition come a little sooner than I thought, but it only proves what I think—you're the teacher for Paradise Valley. Now," his voice took on a new resolution, "I think I can help you work it so these kids come to your school. But not by talk or meetin's. They expect a meetin'—they'll go to a meetin'—they'll listen to you. They'll think in their souls right there they'll send the kids to school—and they may a couple of times—but it isn't nature!"★

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Mr Sinclair for these children to go to school—and these people they love their children. Mr Sinclair and they hate to see these kids suffer so they'll kind of slip and backslide and you'll end up just like—oh—like it was—you won't have such a good attendance.

"I can't go on climbing trees five days a week!"

Ezra snorted, his small eyes glittered behind. "That's right. Now—I'm a little like you only worse—these blanket marriages and arabian bold of girls. You try to get the kids into the school—I try to get the parents into the hands fairly well-kept. By climbin trees and lockin doors and windows, you're doin' about ten times better'n I'm doing—er Reverend Dingle. You get about twenty five percent—we are lucky if we get five percent. Preachin' hasn't done so good—climbin trees works a little better—now you get to try the belly."

What?

"One week they get paid treaty money. Week after that they get paid—some of them—more wood sheques—week after that there's maybe some other kind of sheque—call sheque—pension for the old folks stayin' with the younger folks. All right." He stopped, with an expectant look upon his face.

"You mean—"

"You mean hold back their sheques," Carlyle put in on Grace.

"Hey, uh."

Both of them interpreted the sound, clipping off deep in the throat, to be assent.

"But can we—"

"Mr. Sinclair, I don't know what kind of conscience the Heavenly Father put into you. Nobody's got the right to hold back stuff from these Indians. Hasn't got a thing to do with them sendin' their kids to school. I don't know. I don't know the inside your head or your soul. I only know my own and these people." He was silent, eyes unwavering in their steadiness on Carlyle's face. When he spoke it was with a hand on the door knob. "You try the belly." He pulled the door open.

"Just a moment." Carlyle took a quick step toward Ezra. "How should—how would—Mr. Sheridan—"

"No. Ezra shook his head. "You see Fyfe. Fyfe is Ottawa and Sheridan's just Sheridan. Also you tell Fyfe to tell them this—about the cheques now—the new thing about the cheques. They get and how it is tied to their children goin to the school regular. Don't do it yourself. God he praised!"

He had left. Then—

What?

"They'll not press it. And I am truly sorry that I neglected to mention the eventuality of that eventuality to you."

He was swarming with them, of course. Grace and Hugh had not yet picked anything up. Sheridan gave him the ointment from the dispensary.

Fyfe kept his promise; he made the announcement about the new policy on cheques in the week following; there was a voluntary attendance of fifteen more or less. With Fyfe's next trip and the actual withholding of cheques, their payment contingent on Carlyle's attendance record for each family, there was not a single unexcusable absence. The battle of attendance from the tree-climbing skirmishes to the carrying out of Ezra's strategy had been won in a short and decisive campaign.

CARLYLE was all for calling a halt to the farce of keeping the school open until the matter had been settled. Grace managed to convince him that he must continue as he was doing. He said nothing to Sheridan about his plans and on the week end he drove to the city with the agent, went into the department offices and had a half hour talk with Fyfe.

Fyfe asked him what attendance he had managed to date. When Carlyle told him, he nodded, sat back in his swivel chair for several silent moments.

"There's no point in going on this way, Mr. Fyfe."

The supervisor nodded again.

"I don't intend to," said Carlyle.

"What had you in mind?"

Carlyle explained Ezra's suggested—

"But," said Fyfe, "is entirely outside the power of the department. We have no right to withhold their cheques."

I know."

Fyfe straightened up in his chair. He leaned across the desk unnecessarily adjusted a calendar pad, jerked up a pencil, idly he bounced the rubber end against the desk top.

"Ah hmmh."

When that seemed all he was going to get Carlyle said, "Nothing was said to me about the difficulty I'd have with attendance, Mr. Fyfe."

"No—no."

"I would have appreciated it had there been."

"Yes. As a general rule Mr. Sinclair, I am no great believer in the maxim that the damnedest end justifies the unjust means."

"I didn't come here to discuss general rules or maxims."

"And I sometimes have thought that in the whole matter of the administration of Indian affairs, the main trouble has been too great a paternal um. I really believe that this alone explains why we're at least a generation behind our neighbors to the—"

"Didn't it enter your mind to mention the matter of possible attendance to me?" Carlyle knew that question was a stubbornly rude one, abruptly put.

"Yes. It did. Yes."

"But you didn't."

"No."

"Why not?"

"Are you comfortable there, Mr. Sinclair. Since coming in—you've been fidgeting."

"I'm comfortable." Even as he said it, he realized that Fyfe's observation had been correct. "You haven't answered my question."

Suddenly Fyfe bared the tips of his dentures in the paramountous smile Carlyle had first seen in the valley visit. "I did not—in spite of my conviction that no end justifies the means I wanted you for that school badly, Mr. Sinclair, and I felt we must have you at any cost—even if I had to be a little—well—if I forget to mention some of the brushier aspects of teaching on a reserve." He dropped the pencil to the desk top, leaned back in the chair. "I'll go along with you on the cheque business. I hope it will work. It ought to. How's Mrs. Sinclair?"

"Shan—ahn't finn." Now he felt that he had been truly rude and gauche that he ought to—oh hell. "She's fine."

"Ah-hmmmh." Fyfe got up. "I'll come down Monday—make the cheque announcement then. Mr. Sinclair, you have been uneasy throughout our visit. I uh—I don't like to seem indelicate but it wouldn't hurt—precaution—when I first went into a reserve—I—ah—found that a ring of green ointment spread each nakle and each wrist made a perfect barrier."

What!

"Thank you, Mr. Fyfe."

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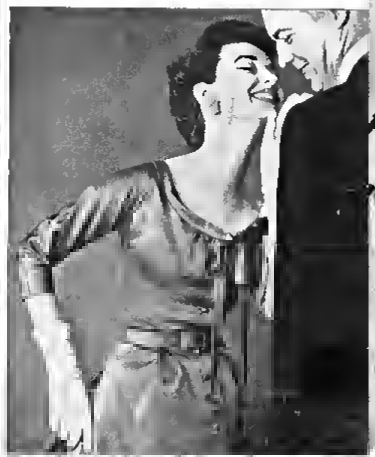
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My 12 Hours As a Madman

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

Smythies entered the room." That was to be the end of my legible writing for that day.

11:07 A.M. I felt mysterious waves coming up from my stomach, traveling up my neck, through my head and then going up and around it. I experienced a growing sense of unreality. I exclaimed: "It's a bit like getting drunk, you see things all right but you're aware that you've drunk too much and you're going to feel like heck the next day." I suddenly became apprehensive and suspicious. I carefully examined the faces of the people in the room, feeling that possibly they were trying to do me harm. I tried to read their glances for some clue as to what giant conspiracy they were engaged in. I could hear Dr. Osmond talking, clearly but his words were an unintelligible jumble. Now the waves coming up from my stomach multiplied. They seemed to run through my entire body, leave me and continue to circulate in the air immediately around me.

11:10 A.M. Everything in the room was now becoming blurred and distorted. My eyes rested on Dr. John Clancy, a handsome dark Irishman in his mid-thirties, who was sitting opposite me some fifteen feet away, his chin resting on his right hand. As I looked at him, I became acutely conscious of his breathing as if I were a supermicrotomic stethoscope. With each breath he took, he started to change. First the flesh from his face fell away and his head became an cadaverous caricature in a frightening two tone of blue and white. A fine fuzzy white beard started to sprout on his chin. Compulsively, I breathed in unison with him. Now, with every inhalation and exhalation, the hand which rested on his chin began to swell like a beach ball being inflated by an air pump. The hand quickly assumed the features of a hideous, purplish eleven-toed hoof. I hurriedly looked beyond him to the window at the back of the room. I could now see that sheets of colored light were being beamed in through the open window, imparting an eerie hue to the room. It was as though a spotlight operator stood just outside, slowly changing his lens filter from white to yellow to orange to purple and then starting over again.

11:12 A.M. I reported: "Everything is becoming more unreal and bizarre." Stefaniuk asked: "Can you describe it?" As a reply I looked at the back of my hands. My sight became microscopic. I could clearly discern every crease, pore and blemish on my skin. Each exuded its own pale light and seemed to have a life of its own. A small emotion stain on the side of one of my fingers contained no fewer than twenty shades of color, ranging from bright yellow to deep dark brown. Suddenly, my left hand started shrinking so I hurriedly looked at the right one which was growing. It became so large that I found it difficult to hold up so I put it down.

11:14 A.M. Asked how I felt, I replied: "I'm restless, perspiring and nauseated. No sooner had I said this than I broke in: "Oh God! Look at Bata (Stefaniuk) face!" Stefaniuk's face had grown about a third larger than its usual size. Its surface had become broad and angular overlaid with diamond-shaped patterns. He looked like a cross between a foshke amature and a Neanderthal man. Close diagonal parallel lines of blue light moved across his white coat. Engrossed, I was reluctant in answering his questions about what I was seeing. When he persisted he seemed to grow more evil and cruel. The lines on his face hardened and the light grew from blue to angry purple.

I again held out my hands and experienced for the first time a terrifying hallucination that was to recur time and time again during the hours that lay ahead. Again I could make out every mark and crease on the backs of my fingers and hands. Again, they exuded light and had a life of their own. But now the markings took a more definite form. They were short, jumpy wormlike creatures that writhed and wriggled vigorously. Soon I was conscious that my hands and body were vibrating as a prelude to a shrinking process. As I watched, my fingers grew shorter and telescoped into my hand, my hand telescoped into my arm. Suddenly, I was outside of myself looking down from above. My arms were now mere stumps as if they had been amputated near the shoulder. My legs were now shrinking and withering and my skin was coarse and scaly. I felt the pressure of space closing in on me from above forcing my head—which was now double its normal size—out of shape. I fought against this awesome macabre transformation by trying to stretch my arms and legs but found that I was powerless. Ultimately all that was left of me was a hard, slinky, nauseous atone located in the lower left side of my abdomen, surrounded by a greasy yellowish vapor which poured across the floor. Never in my lifetime had I felt so ill, so frightened and so depressed all at the same time.

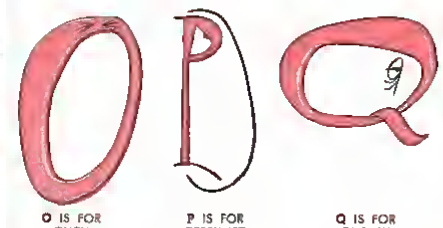


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A minute later my body was whole again. The observers were questioning me as to what had happened. The horror was too much to describe. How could I explain in detail that I had been compressed into black atoms and that I felt like a worm, that my seeing, thinking and feeling had merged into "emotions"? I mumbled: "I shrivelled." Osmond asked: "Does all this assume a great amount of significance?" I replied: "It's everything. Everything is [illegible] in emotion pulling you in." I started to look at my hands again but Stefaniuk discouraged me. "Get away from your hands," he said. "Look at the rug instead." I looked down at the rug which was red with designs of blue, green and yellow, and immediately became absorbed in it. It keeps changing," I said, "but I can't describe it." The mush was happening for me to care about anything else in the room. Lights were flashing over the rug and with each flash the designs changed. I concentrated on one of the larger designs. It appeared to be the top of some fantastic jungle flower. As I watched, it became infused with life until it was part plant, part animal. The same thing was happening to the smaller designs, until the whole scene reminded me of the floor of a tropical jungle. It was not an unpleasant sight. I felt the thrill of an explorer whose eyes are the first to behold some miracle of nature in some far-off corner of the world.

I looked at my hands and again I could feel the vibrations and sensations which preceded the hallucination that I was shrinking. I struggled against it by vigorously stretching out my arms and legs. I succeeded. See," I said jubilantly, "I got them back again."

Now Osmond was testing the response of the diencephrenon to a psychedelic. Suppose I were to say to you that none of these hallucinations were happening, that it was all your imagination—how would you feel?" I hesitated. I knew that I couldn't convey the torment I was enduring. Finally I blurted out desperately: "I'd tell you to go to hell." He repeated the question: "I wouldn't establish any contact," I said. "I told you my problem is one of being dragged away to something terrible." My fear heightened as I spoke. "Give me your hand," I pleaded. "I want help. I want a hand." I grabbed Osmond's hand. The effect was one of amazing comfort. My fear greatly subsided and the room came into focus. But a few seconds later I was plunged again into the abyss of madness.

The room had lost all sense of unity and organization. Chairs were on the floor and slightly above it, pictures were on the wall and away from it, lamps hovered in the air. When I tried to estimate the dimensions of the room, the walls would slink away or advance on me. All the objects in the room seemed to be constantly moving about, wise which made it impossible to get a definite picture of my surroundings. To further complicate matters there was a constant flashing of colored light as though a neon were flicking in a darkened room at night, across the street from a multi-colored flashing neon sign.

Stefaniuk began presenting me with simple problems to test the reasoning capacity of a schizophrenic. "I give you a ten gallon jug and a seven gallon jug and I want you to bring back three gallons of water," he said. "How would you do it?" I tried desperately to get the answer but I was unable to concentrate for more than a second at a time. "I've worked that problem out a hundred times but I can't do it now." I said. Stefaniuk asked me why. "That's the point," I said helplessly. "I can't and I don't know why I can't."

1:28 A.M. The awareness that I was incapable of even simple reasoning threw me into a panic. I felt alone and helpless. I looked desperately around the room. I again asked Osmond for his hand. "I regard you not as my friends," I said, trying to reassure myself that this was so. "Physical contact is very important . . . something to hang on to . . . it's like a vertical something unknown keeps pulling me in." Somebody suggested that it was not all frightening—that it was capable of seeing beautiful things. I passed my hand across my face at arm's length in archlike fashion and a miracle took place. With that simple motion I created a masterpiece of such surpassing beauty that I immediately forgot my sadness and my fear.

As my hand passed through the air I noticed that I had ten fingers instead of five. Each finger left in its path of movement a soft streak of light at the end of which were delicate, pearly chromatic transparent bubbles. I was centered on the streaks of 'afterglow.' To the accompaniment of a gentle crackling sound they shimmered and broadened out into subtle shades of gold, silver, yellow, blue and red until they formed a mass of light from floor to ceiling. I turned to the bubbles. As I watched, they kept multiplying until I beheld a glittering, iridescent fountain, seeded with thousands of small perfectly formed liquid gold arrows. Compared to this all colors I had previously seen were pallid.

I had become a great creative artist with a single sweep of my arm. I felt a proprietary interest in my room and



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I was reluctant to share it with others. "You're seeing images," Stefanik was now repeating. "Images of what?" I would only reply. "They keep multiplying. keep building up. They're uncontrollable," and then lapse into an absorbed silence.

I saw and felt a different state. Most of the time I was completely absorbed in my hallucinations and illusions. But by talking sharply to me several times or clutching my hand, Stefanik or Osmond could give me a flash of semi-lucidity during which I might be vaguely aware of the room and the people in it. At one point I said to Stefanik, "I'm dying now." But a few seconds later, when I looked across at Clare Blake, the industrial recreational director who had just entered the room, he had the animal-like face of a large pig. I could distinguish the smallest detail of his pinkish snout.

11:30 A.M. The shriveling hallucination again gripped me. Following, in the tape recorder, the conversation between Stefanik and myself as I tried vainly to describe it:

Q. Describe your feelings.

A. I'm dying. I'm shriveling and it's everything.

Q. Is it a physical feeling?

A. It's physical and intellectual. My fingers go into hands, my hands into yard-long arms into body. The same with your legs. It's unbearable.

Q. Now listen. Slowly. Can you see that or describe it to tell it?

A. There's no difference between seeing and feeling. It's all one world.

Stefanik then paused as if trying to relieve my distress. "You're no longer shrinking," he said. "You are growing. Concentrate on growing. Look down at your feet." I did so and was delighted to see that my feet were becoming elongated. Finally they must have been about thirty inches long.

It worked. I aborted. It was.

Three psychiatric nurses and the hospital attendant left the room and, during the next hour, attractive girls and I had some three-way small social gathering—a few evenings before. But now I had no interest in them. I regarded them only with suspicion.

11:39 A.M. Osmond presented a glass of water and said, "Look into this and tell me what you see." Cautiously peering in, At first it looked like an ordinary glass of water with one of Osmond's fingers visible at the bottom. But as I watched, his finger grew whitish and fleshy and specks of black, brown and maroon appeared. These specks multiplied rapidly and gradually began to integrate. Then they became a swirling mass and began enlarging up the side of the glass. The mouth of the glass seemed to open up and became large enough to contain me. The swirling mass became a fast-moving vortex which seemed to hypnotize me and beckon me. The bottom of the glass was now a black fathomless ocean where horrified hidden terrors could vaguely hear Osmond's voice saying, "Tell me what you see! Tell me what you see!" Now the mouth of the glass was so enormous that I was mirthy vortex was swirling around my brainpan, speed, exuding magnetisms which slowly but surely were sucking me in. I was petrified. I felt as cold as a block of ice. I resisted and struggled against the fatal pull. And at the instant when the battle seemed lost I succeeded in tearing my face away from the glass. The vortex immediately lost its hold on me. Osmond was talking to me. "You haven't told us what you saw," he said. I ignored his question. I pleaded with him instead. "You've got to keep me away from that thing."

What world have I been [illegible]

had I kept looking into the glass of water? What if the massive invisible forces had succeeded in plunging me into the black labyrinth? Would the distress have been great enough to cause permanent madness? Would the shock have been strong enough to cause my heart to stop beating? These are questions I will never be able to answer. As a matter of fact, several of the other LSD volunteers share my reactions to the glass of water.

I sat silently. I was miserable and despondent. My mind was so saturated with [illegible] of imagery that I couldn't describe any of it coherently. For the first time in my life I learned the real meaning of the word "depression." I explained, "The only thing that matters to me now is that you are my friends and that I trust you." I was completely dependent on those around me to give me reassurance that I was not damned to the eternal hell of insanity. Had this reassurance not been forthcoming during my semi-lucid intervals, or had I been left alone for even a minute to the mercies of my hallucinations, I am convinced that I would have perished from grief. Stefanik [illegible] through the now familiar routine with me.

Q. Do you know who you are?

A. Sidney Katz.

Q. Do you know where you are?

A. The mental hospital in Weyburn.

Q. What are you undergoing?

A. It's an experiment with LSD.

Q. That's right. You came here to write a story. Do you feel keen about doing this story?

A. (No answer.)

Q. Do you want to write this story?

A. (No answer.)

Despite the fact that I had traveled from Toronto to Weyburn for the express purpose of collecting material for articles, I wasn't sufficiently interested at the time even to answer Stefanik's question. With all my sorrows and trepidations, nothing could matter less.

11:50 A.M. I was offered a drink of water. I took a sip and it tasted sour. The thought crossed my mind that perhaps in a attempt was being made to poison me so I refused to drink any more.

As I turned to talk to Osmond I caught a glimpse of the large set of curtains on the window behind me. They were covered with the most extraordinary weaving to the breeze. This touched off a constantly moving and changing arabesque of vines and leaves, executed in the finest filigree of some metal material which was colored in rose, saffron, orange and gold. Somehow I thought of the fable of the Emperor's Nightingale and even as the idea entered my mind I heard the rapturous trilling and undulating warbling of a bird. It was a scene of great beauty and tranquility.

Now Stefanik was back at me again to test my powers of reasoning. He recited a number of proverbs. I did poorly according to the tape recording.

Q. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. What does that mean?

A. A bird?

Q. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

A. A bird in the hand — let's see — now it's becoming more difficult to figure these things out.

Q. Try it again. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

A. A bird in the hand — well I gotta make a running stab at it or I won't get it.

Q. Try again. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

A. If you get a job, the first job you get — you see, now I put my hand up and I get preoccupied with my hand because there are all sorts of engrossing disturbances.

I never did give the correct answer. My mind would click from one subject to another, like the lens of a camera, making concentration impossible. At other times, I saw visions which made me oblivious to everything else in the room. By blurting out the answers quickly I was able to define concrete objects like *hat, bicycle* and *knife*. I couldn't handle abstract definitions like *kind* and *brave*. The word *pain* made no sense to me whatsoever.

The measure of relief to think both fatigued and depressed me. Stefanik asked me about my mood. "It's mostly one of depression," I replied. "I've got to keep hanging on." He asked if I was afraid something would happen. "It's just the terrible feeling I have," I replied. How could I explain that I was perched on the edge of an abyss of horror, and that every second I feared being toppled into it, doomed to an eternal life of indescribable pain and wretchedness?

12 noon. I was asked if I was hungry but the very idea of eating revolted me. Osmond told me to lie down on the chesterfield and told me that he was going to place a towel over my eyes. "Yer are in for a pleasant surprise," he said. The contact of the soft towel sang on my eyes transported me to a world a billion miles away. It was as though I was lying on my back in some fabulous oriental mosque looking into the very gates of heaven. At the very top of my vision was a soft, holy glimmering light. I had complete three hundred and sixty degree vision and all around me were Gothic arches and domes and doors opening into doors. The predominant colors were gold, silver and pearl. I could make out row upon row of tiny oriental empresses, riding in pearl-studded robes, their faces windy in peaceful bliss. All the parts of this vision constantly moved, now flowing together, now apart, now interlacing to form ever-changing designs. At times the pearls on the empresses' robes changed to multicolored rubies, emeralds and topazes exuding a soft tinkling light.

The Woman Who Wore Snakes

I became aware of Osmond asking me what I had seen. I refused to tell him. "They're something that belong to me," I said. He persisted. According to the tape recorder, I finally muttered:

"Lovely procession — papal court. The Coronation — I can see them as clearly as I want to see them."

12:18 P.M. Stefanik brought in a framed picture about two feet square, propped it against a chair some fifteen feet in front of me and asked me what I saw. It was a black-and-white etching of a woman with an elaborate head dress. For a few seconds later I hurried out in alarm. "God! She's changing!" First flashes of light strike across her face. Then her face became rubbery and fleshy and began to twitch. Soon she was carving her head from side to side, scowling at me disapprovingly.

"What is she—a man or a woman?" asked Stefanik. I tried to answer but I couldn't, before my very eyes, this creature changed back and forth from a man to a woman. "Look at her hair," said Stefanik. I did. Now every strand seemed to come alive. I shifted my gaze down to the folds of the necklace of her dress. The dark shadows of the folds turned to twigs and then to serpent-like creatures. I could see their heads slowly [illegible] me their fangs ready to [illegible] panic-stricken. At that [illegible] had anyone advanced toward [illegible] the picture I would have [illegible] him with all the strength I could muster. I asked to have the picture removed. "It's un-

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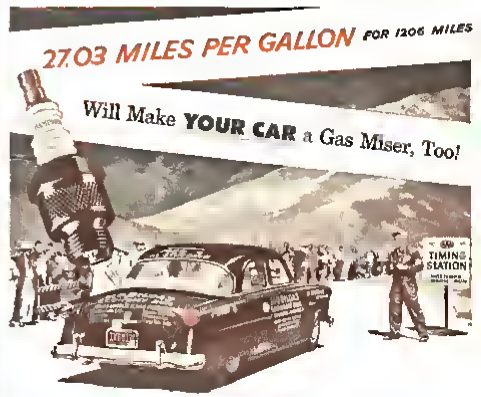


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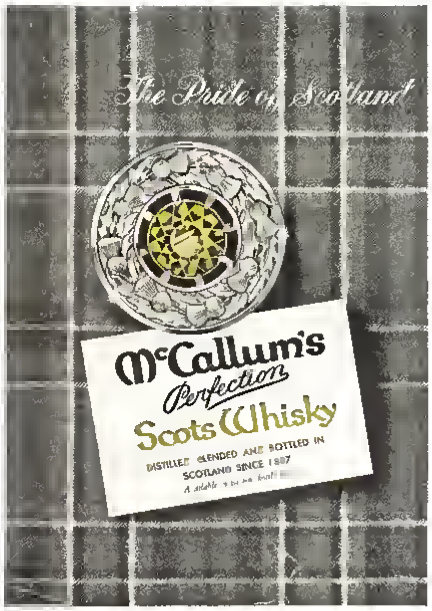
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Next Issue: Sidney Katz describes



A DAY IN A MENTAL HOSPITAL

The Maclean's editor who in this current issue reports on what happened when he took a drug that drove him mad, next takes a look at the patient in the Saskatchewan Hospital at Weyburn. From midnight to midnight he follows the routine of tortured lives and the efforts of the doctors to salvage their sanity.

IN MACLEAN'S OCT 15 — ON SALE OCT 7

comfortable." I said. "I'm afraid of becoming absorbed in it."

12.20 P.M. I found that I was hypersensitive to sound, light, and smell. Ordinarily I enjoy smoking but now I couldn't bear to have the people around me smoking. The slightest sound in the room—the whirring and clicking of the tape recorder, a cup being put down on a table—were transformed into other sounds by my disordered brain. I heard melodies so dulcet and airy that they could only have been played by orchestras of fairies or leprechauns. Listening my troubles seemed to disappear and I had a pleasant floating feeling.

Osmond asked me how long I had been under the drug. I couldn't answer. Too much had happened. Sometimes the time seemed to stand still, at other times it raced by. Actually less than two hours had elapsed since the beginning of the experiment.

12.30 P.M. I suddenly leaped from my chair and rushed to the open window which overlooked the hospital's front lawn. "I hear music," I shouted.

"I hear music." (Later I discovered that the "music" was the hammering of carpenters working on a new nurses' residence a hundred yards to my left.) I looked out and beheld a panorama of infinite beauty. The sky glittered like a pale azure crystal embedded in it were yellow-apricot, almond clouds. On my right was a vast expanse of vineyards, on which bloomed flowers which sparkled like prisms caught in the sunlight. Groups of gaily dressed men and women sat on patches of bottle-green grass having a picnic. There were no limits to my vision. I could see clearly to the horizon and then beyond. The mile-long gravel road to the town of Weyburn stretched ahead like an endless broad highway of translucent yellow glass.

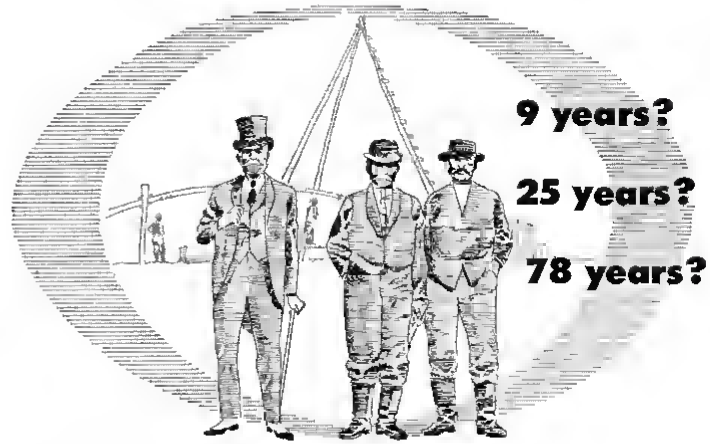
I turned my gaze leftward and suddenly became aware of approaching music, and the shouts of a crowd. A procession was beginning to go by.

"It's like Bastille Day and the Fourth of July," I exclaimed. There were brass bands, bands of drums and pipes, bands of tambourines. I could discern the bandsmen in the distance marching by, clad in bright satins of orange, green, red and yellow. Then came marching columns of jesters, clowns, red-coated soldiers, archers in green, sailors in light blue, mounted knights with colored plumes in their headgear, turbaned Sikhs with glistening skins, arcade floats, candy-striped circus vans, amazing elephants and giraffes. Beefeaters in their Elizabethan garb, as well as contingents of other marchers whom I could not identify then and never will. They all marched, danced and skipped on their way, finally disappearing on the left. It was a million times more colorful and exciting than the Coronation procession.

12.40 P.M. Back in my seat in the room again, I was excited and elated. But a few minutes later I was again fearful. I looked up at an oil painting on the wall of a violin on a table set against a background of dark velvet drapes. The violin became swollen and moved up and down and the drapes began to move ominously as though some grisly monster now held captive were about to spring to his freedom and devour me. I told Stefaniuk that I felt ill and uncomfortable. "I will accept that you feel good, Hamid. Again I was put lying down on the chesterfield with the towel over my eyes. Again I was lying on my back in the fabulous oriental mosque looking into the gates of heaven. The now familiar procession of dainty empresses in their pearl-studded robes entered and just when they had left all the last time Stefaniuk was now repeating to me: "Do you see the golden chair? Do you see the golden chair?" I looked carefully and a beautifully carved golden chair with a raspberry-colored tapestry seat-covering appeared. Soon dozens of similar chairs radiated out from it. "On that chair you see a beautiful woman with long golden hair, dressed in a Cellophane costume." Stefaniuk continued. "Can you see her, Sid? Can you see her?"

As he started talking about the beautiful girl with the golden hair, an amazing thing happened. The texture of my vision changed from hard materials of predominantly gold and pearl to soft feminine materials that one associates with the boudoir—delicate pastels of shimmering silk, satin and velvet. At the same time, the fragrance of a never-to-be-manufactured perfume filled the air. But I never did see the girl with the long golden hair clad in Cellophane.

Now Stefaniuk handed me one of the cards of the Rorschach test—a card nine by five inches covered with black and mingled ink spots. "Tell me what you see," he said. We want to know why schizophrenics won't co-operate with us in Rorschach tests." I looked at the colored blots and could see that they had turned into thick enamel. Now the entire card was made of thick enamel. I felt a strange sensation in my left hand which held the card—the skin grew tight and hard. I looked down at my hand to find that the skin was now a flesh-enamel type of substance, hard, brittle and airtight. I could feel the enamel coating creeping up from my hands to my arms and down my body. Soon I felt that I was



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suffocating. I quickly handed the card back to Stefanik and the sensation left me. I hadn't offered any explanation. Schizophrenics won't co-operate in a Rorschach test and you won't either, Stefanik was saying.

1 P.M. I sat in silence, rebuffed by my hallucinations, only occasionally aware that people were talking to me. With every exhalation I made a flooding vaporous colored bubbles, the size of oranges, seemed to flow out of me, until the entire room was a mass of transparent hues. I looked at Mike Kesterton. His face had become wide and flattened, as if it had been compressed by a giant nutcracker, his upper front teeth extended down over his lower lip and he had secreted a thick silky mustache. In general appearance he resembled a grotesque cretinous parakeet. I watched Osmond's lips as he talked to me. It was grey flannel in color and seemed to have a remarkable degree of flexibility. When he appeared to be saying kind things to me, his face grew relaxed and friendly, when he persisted in asking me questions that I couldn't understand or didn't want to answer, his face would grow long and the corners of his mouth would turn down until he became the caricature of a satanic demoniac.

1.15 P.M. Bernie, an amiable black mongrel dog belonging to the Cummings, was led to my side. "Pat her," Osmond told me. Apart from the unusual size of his head and body, alternately shrinking and elongating, there was nothing extraordinary about her. As I patted her on the head with my left hand, a strong dog odor assailed my nostrils. A few seconds later my hand and arm grew hot and heavy. I looked down at it and the skin darkened and rapidly turned into a glossy black thick coat of hair, exactly the same as the dog's. Was I now to be seen into an animal? I quickly pulled my hand away and a few seconds later continuously peeked at it. The thick coat of hair had vanished as quickly as it had come.

1.33 P.M. The effect of the drug was beginning to wear off. Now began an eerie period, which was to last almost two hours, during which I lived alternately in two distinct worlds—the world of reality and the world of madness. I became aware that for a few seconds at a time, everything was crystal clear and normal—the room about me, my hands, the faces of my friends. But even as I rejoiced I would hear a whirring sound in my ears, the clear outlines of my surroundings would melt away and again I would be in the nightmare realm.

Elaine Cumming was now sitting beside me, her head bent over. "Is my hair coarse?" she asked. Even as she spoke it became coarse and prickly to my touch. Clouds of black, purple and brown seemed to be pressing down on me from above. The skin on her face was erupting and heaving until it became corpulent and scaly. "Is my hair coarse?" she asked again. Now her eyes became sunken, her nose long and droopy, her hair matted and dishevelled. She looked like a sorceress, a harridan—a weird sister from a fairy tale by Grimm—come suddenly to life to hiss at me. "Is my hair coarse?" she asked. Now she was leering at me. I exclaimed her, with considerable disquietude, then removed my hand from her hair and turned away from her. A few seconds later the witch had become Elaine Cumming.

2.30 P.M. The periods of lucidity were now becoming more frequent and lasting a little longer—perhaps ten or twenty seconds. This gave me time to perceive clearly the difference between sanity and insanity. I was thrown into a state of panic. What if I were never to recover? What if I were doomed to spend the rest of my life torn between the two worlds? But before I could consider the matter for long, I would be back again in the world of madness where the furniture flew around and the walls swayed.

In my next period of clarity I appealed to Osmond and Stefanik for reassurance. Osmond told me, "I've taken the drug, so has Stefanik...so have several other doctors and staff members. They've all come out of it. So will you." But I remained unconvinced. A few minutes later Stefanik urged me to keep describing what I saw. I refused. I had no stomach for it. I was too stricken with fear. In the condition I was in, I would have to be kept in a mental hospital. I thought of my wife and two little boys. Who would care for them? Had I been lax to them in taking the drug?

Stefanik was persistent. "It's important for the experiment that you continue to report everything you feel and see. I know you want to get out of it but we want more material from you." I looked at my hands despairingly and began: "My hands get bigger and smaller. Where I keep looking, every mark comes to life. I see different colors in my skin and that suggests a lot of different things." A few minutes later Stefanik again passed the problem of how you measure off three gallons of water with a ten gallon pail and a seven gallon pail. This time I could work it out.

3 P.M. The hallucinations ceased. I found myself slumped on the chesterfield, perspiring, my shirt unbuttoned and every inch of my body utterly exhausted. I could now feel the gentle prairie breeze from the window playing across my face. I looked out and saw the warm, blue sky and the friendly sun. It was all very reassuring.

The acute stages of my madness had lasted for over four hours. But recovery was not yet over. There are many gradations of mental illness short of experiencing hallucinations which are very distressing. I was to learn something about them during the next eight hours.

3.30 P.M. I responded to Osmond's suggestion that we drive out into the countryside. As I stepped outside it was dazzled by the sun, sky and foliage. Color seemed to be intensified and exaggerated. As Elaine drove her car up to the front steps of the hospital I shouted "Look out! Look out!" My ability to measure distances was impaired and I was certain that she was going to be crashing into the hospital wall. Kesterton, Stefanik and I climbed into the back seat while Osmond joined Elaine in the front. We drove out across the rolling Saskatchewan plains beside the Souris River. The monotonous simple landscape had a therapeutic effect on me. The only disturbing element was the traffic on the highway. Each approaching car looked as if it were going to crash into us. I frantically shouted warnings to Elaine. I could not understand her indifference to them.

Craving For Candy Bars

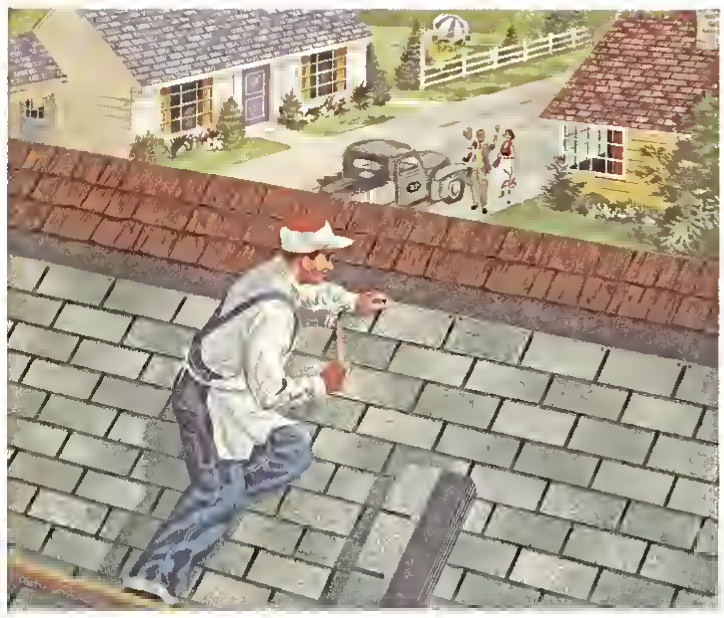
Now I entered a brief period of grandiosity and expansiveness. My spirits soared. I began telling Osmond, with an air of authority, how his hospital should be run and outlined treatment for certain of the patients I had come in contact with during my stay in hospital. Later when we got out of the car I struck a grand dramatic pose on the top of a knoll and insisted that Kesterton photograph me from all angles.

The hallucinations had vanished but I was still capable of seeing illusions, the distortions of an existing object. I discovered this when I was asked to come to the river's edge and look down. The sunlight was playing on the ripples of the water's surface, throwing off reflections. I concentrated on a single ripple and soon the rays of reflected light began to wriggle significantly, then soulfully, spread out and interlace. I became so engrossed by the illusion that I momentarily lost consciousness of my surroundings. My sense of distance completely left me and I felt myself being drawn toward the water.

I repeated the experiment a little later standing on a dam watching tons of water plunging into a gorge thirty feet below. I didn't feel like destroying myself, but again I felt myself being sucked into the water. I hurried away to a safer spot, perspiring and sick at my stomach. Could this have been the irresistible impulse which mysteriously leads some schizophrenics to commit suicide?

5.30 P.M. I was now in the hospital canteen. I was jumpy and on edge. Osmond explained that my body was suffering from shock as it emerged from the drug and prescribed a heavy sugar diet. In the next few hours I was to consume seven chocolate bars, two packages of Life Savers, six Cokes and two large pieces of cake coated with a heavy icing. It didn't result in nausea and soothed me somewhat.

Osmond and Stefanik now left me briefly and I retired to my quarters with Mike Kesterton who was to take care of me. I now entered a period of depression and apprehension. Hospital staff, on whom I met asked me questions about my experiences while under LSD. I refused to talk about it. They made



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jokes but I couldn't laugh at them. I felt alone and desolate. I was totally incapable of any emotion.

7.30 P.M. My apprehension reached the point where it was almost intolerable. My whole being was ridden by a powerful fear that something horrible was about to happen. It occupied all my attention. It prevented me from thinking about anything else or enjoying anything else. During my stay in hospital I had met a few patients who were in that condition perpetually. They had no hallucinations, no illusions—only a persistent anxiety which totally crippled them. I asked myself, "In the absence of overt dramatic symptoms how could they convincingly explain to an outsider the true extent of their suffering?"

I found it impossible to stay still. I was restless and I wanted to be outside and moving. Kesterton and I were joined by Chuck Jillings and Al Hauser of the hospital staff and we walked through the hospital grounds. A flight of birds rising from a grove of trees appeared strange and alarmed me. We stopped to watch a ball game. My attention was attracted by a woman leaning against a fence with a dead child over her shoulder. I approached her cautiously. I was relieved to learn that it was only an illusion caused by her arm and a colored windbreaker resting on the fence beside her.

9.30 P.M. We walked five miles or so before it grew dark. Back in my quarters with Kesterton, I was still apprehensive. I found that I derived some comfort from doing familiar things: taking a shower, drying myself with a soft towel, rinsing out a pair of socks. Later I was lying in bed in my pyjamas when Kesterton casually announced that he might wander down to the dining room for a cup of coffee. This threw me into a panic. I didn't want to be left alone and I didn't have the strength to get dressed and join him. I breathed easier when he announced that he had changed his mind and would stay.

At ten o'clock I was lying in bed with the lights turned off. Kesterton in a cot beside me. I tossed for two or three hours, unable and unwilling to go to sleep. Whenever I closed my eyes I would see an endless technicolor procession of bizarre and outlandish maskike faces grinning and jeering at me. I could escape only by opening my eyes and looking through the transom at the bright light in the hall or at the clear outline of the window, framed against the clear night prairie sky.

I was in a dilemma. Dr. Osmond had given me two capsules of sodium amytal which he said would put me to sleep. But, after my LSD experience, I was reluctant to put any more drugs into my body. And even if I did take the sedative and fall asleep, what guarantee did I have that the maskike faces would not still be there? And if they were, would I be able to escape from them by rousing myself?

By nine o'clock in the morning I was so exhausted physically and mentally that I no longer had the energy to continue debating with myself. With my last drop of strength I reached for the capsules on the bureau beside me and swallowed them.

I awoke next morning at nine o'clock from a deep dreamless sleep. The events of the preceding day came rushing back to me. I looked cautiously about the room. My clothes were neatly laid out on the chair; my wallet, keys, pen and cigarettes were on the bureau. Outside the sky was blue and the sun was shining. I was happy and relieved to find that everything was nice and normal. The only visible effect of the LSD experience on me was a hangover, but it was no more painful than the morning-after-the-night-before variety.

I was starving. I showered, dressed in clean clothes, puffed up Mike Kesterton and grabbed a cab into Weyburn. I walked along the street looking at the passing people and glancing at the store windows, rejoicing that I was back again on the land of the living. We went to a restaurant where I demolished large quantities of orange juice, eggs, toast and coffee. Food never tasted better. I thought of my wife and my children and went to a store to buy them some gifts.

My thoughts now turned to the patients in the mental hospital. I was fortunate. I had endured the torments of hell for only twelve hours and now I was free. But how about them? Many of them have been mentally ill for two, ten and even fifteen years. How long did a single tortured hour appear to be to them? A day? A month? A year? An eternity?

I returned to the hospital and walked through the wards alone. In the past I have spent many, many hours in mental hospitals both as a student psychiatric social worker and as an observer. But on this day I saw every thing through different eyes. A tall and gaunt schizophrenic patient came up to me, grasped my hand for a few seconds and then without uttering a word strode away. I recalled how desperately I had clutched at Osmond's hand. What endless vortex was this man fleeing from? A blond youth in his late twenties stood trancelike staring at a shadow on the wall, an ecstatic smile frozen on his face. How many millions of miles away was he?

New Hope For the Insane!

Another patient has face full of desperation told me that a beard had been living in a hammock in his chest. It had given birth to three small lizards which had crawled up into his head and eaten away his brain. What comfort could I offer him? Could I tell him that all this was a figment of his imagination when he could see the beasts in a thousand colors and dimensions and actually feel their slightest movement? No real experience of the normal person will rival this patient's sensation of reality.

From the far end of the hall I could hear the terrible chant of a disturbed schizophrenic repeating over and over:

"Burn goddam body, burn goddam body, burn goddam legs, burn goddam belly, burn goddam body, burn goddam body . . ."

What corner of hell did he inhabit? What terrors beset him? Fresh from my experiences of yesterday I could imagine what they might be and imagining, wince with pain.

I left Weyburn with a sense of urgency. Half of all our hospital beds are filled with mental patients. Half of those again suffer from schizophrenia. We don't yet know the cause of this disease but there is good reason to suspect that it is due to an error in body chemistry. A few specks of a drug changed me, a normal person, into a madman. Is it, therefore not entirely possible that the schizophrenic is a person whose body constantly manufactures minute particles of a similarly poisonous substance?

If this should be the case science can only hope to identify and counteract it when the funds available for research are in the millions, not in the thousands as at present. We should insist that our best doctors, technicians and laboratories be immediately sent to rescue the schizophrenic from his endless hell. No goal can be more urgent or more humane. I know. ★

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He Keeps Forgetting He's King

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

On formal occasions Frederik rides in a chauffeur-driven Cadillac. He was driving through Copenhagen one day with his state guest, King Gustaf Adolf of Sweden, when the traffic jammed because a woman stalled her engine and couldn't get it restarted. Frederik alighted, got her car going, then returned to the royal limousine.

He hates snobbery and has often demonstrated his feelings. When he was invited to a party for an eminent Danish scientist, to which guests were asked to bring their own refreshments, he took a package of cheap sandwiches from a street kiosk.

When he became king Frederik immediately let it be known that there would be no change in his relations with his old naval friends, many of whom were poor. He recently telephoned one friend to invite him to the palace for the evening and added: "Bring the children too. They don't want to stay home alone." When the wife of a naval officer friend could not come to a party because she had no servant to stay with the baby, he called for her and brought the baby along too.

Frederik's dislike of formality was inspired by his mother, German princess Alexandrina of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. She was determined not to inflict the severe patriarchal pattern of her own upbringing on her two sons, the older of whom, Prince Frederik, was born in March 1899 and his brother, Prince Knud, in 1900. The royal children attended an ordinary boys' school where they mingled freely with the sons of commoners. As a boy scout Frederik learned to cook and to darn his own socks.

Queen Alexandrina was a good musician and when Frederik was twelve she encouraged him to take piano lessons. To her delight he showed talent and, in his own words, "soon became an inveterate route lover." As a boy and young man he habitually attended the great music festivals of Europe. Probably the only times he ever threw his weight around or crown prince were on those occasions when he managed to get the baton away from the conductor of the Royal Life Guards band, thus to develop his new impressive skill as a conductor of symphony orchestras.

Contrary to the Danish royal tradition that the crown prince should join the army, Frederik became a seaman. He says that the commodore of his father's yacht was responsible for this. "My brother and I were like all boys and it wasn't easy to keep us quiet," he related in one of the rare interviews he has given. "The commodore could not have us running around underfoot so he put us to work. The numbers of the crew added at 460. I was given number 491 and my brother 462."

He started formal cadet training at seventeen. Often when his ship was on maneuvers he was obliged to act as his father's emissary in a foreign capital. He would get on dress whites, sip champagne with the diplomats then return to swab the decks. He rose to be commander of a motor torpedo boat and when he became King he was created an admiral. He didn't like the promotion and said in a speech: "As admiral I can never again say this is my ship." But that's what happens when you get too high up.

In 1935 he married Princess Ingrid, beautiful and talented daughter of Crown Prince Gustaf Adolf of Sweden and granddaughter of the Duke of Connaught. Ingrid was eleven years his junior and her name had been linked for a decade alternately with that of Frederik and Edward, Prince of Wales.

At first Ingrid was not popular. The Swedes and the Danes are traditional ancient enemies and temperamentally they are very different. The Swedes are stiff and rigidly correct. The Danes are easygoing to the point of carelessness. It is said that Ingrid once had a Copenhagen shopgirl fired for not addressing her correctly. Frederik heard about it and had the girl reinstated. But Ingrid is bright as well as beautiful and she soon learned Danish ways. Indeed, she won over her new countrymen even before she brought her husband under control.

Frederik was a playboy and had some reputation as a drinker. He loved to carouse with his navy friends and Ingrid is said to have been unenthusiastic about these activities. On the other hand as heir to the Danish throne he was extremely sensitive about his position. Once he bought a pair of ill fitting shoes because he explained: "I discovered a hole in my sock and it wouldn't do for the Crown Prince of Denmark to present a foot like that to be measured."

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In 1939 he and Ingrid attended the Golden Gate Exposition in San Francisco and while in the United States they were entertained by President and Mrs. Roosevelt at Hyde Park. Later in her syndicated column Mrs. Roosevelt suggested that Frederik was more interested in a gay time than in the serious affairs of state. After the war when she visited Denmark Frederik snubbed her with a polite note apologizing because he was unable to meet her.

The serious side of Frederik's nature became evident during the war. His first daughter (now Crown Princess Margrethe since a recent constitutional change allowing a woman to rule) was born in April 1940 a few days after the Nazis marched into Copenhagen. She became a symbol of hope and courage and Frederik and Ingrid contrived to show her off as much as possible. They refused to have any dealings with the Germans or even to speak to them except when forced to have official business with the occupation authorities. Frederik was in constant communication with the Danish underground through a representative at the court who kept him informed on activities and delivered to him a copy of the resistance newspaper daily.

Every night from his window in the palace Frederik was said to have blinked a flashlight signal: "Good luck and God bless you," to Danish ships leaving harbor.

His second daughter, Benedikte, arrived in the spring of 1944 and the third, Anne Marie, in 1946. By this time Frederik had become a devoted family man had given up drinking entirely and had even agreed to try to cut down on the eighty Turkish cigarettes he smokes every day.

When he came to the throne in 1947 after his seventy-seven-year-old father died of a heart attack he solemnly promised to "follow the example of our old king." To the surprise of many of his countrymen he has more than kept his promise. Many Danes who thought he could never match his father's popularity now admit they were wrong. There is no doubt that he was nervous at first. When asked if the services of King Christian's manservant would still be required, Frederik said feelingly: "From now on the royal nails are going to be bitten and I can do that myself."

In many ways Frederik has consolidated the popularity of the Danish royal house. The Danes are a highly consticated nation and close knit family unions are the rule. So pressenting a genuinely ideal family pertrait Frederik and Ingrid have won them completely. Ingrid is now quite as beloved as her husband who on two occasions recently has described her as a "dream wife" and "a real glamour girl." Danes exclaim endlessly about her virtues as a housekeeper and mother and admire her for sending her children to a large school where they mix with twelve hundred girls of middle-class Danish families.

Frederik obviously adores his daughters. He recently had to be helped off the royal train with three large identical dolls' carriages. Once when he was entertaining diplomats at a palace dinner he excused himself with: "It's bedtime and I must go upstairs and kiss the girls good night." In a broadcast from the palace sitting room he called them "adorable" but admitted: "They have bad habits like all children." A few minutes later he told Margrethe to "sit up nicely and take your feet off the table."

If there is any danger of Frederik's informality getting wholly out of hand Ingrid will keep him in check. Two years ago during a state visit to England she was furious because a photograph of him stripped to the waist was published in the Daily Express. Frederik laughed. Some Danes, however, sided with Ingrid, feeling that such wide publicity for their king's muscles and tattoos was not quite fitting for a nine-hundred-year-old monarchy. It was during his days as a sailor with the encouragement of his uncle Prince Axel, that Frederik began to acquire the tattoos which now decorate his torso. These are the handiwork of a London tattoo artist whose masterpiece is an enormous green and yellow dragon covering His Majesty's massive chest.

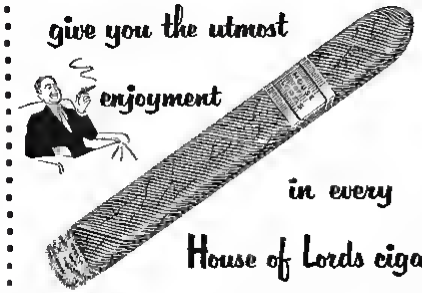
Frederik, who often travels incognito with Ingrid to London and Rome "because there we can walk arm in arm down the street like any other husband and wife on a holiday," used to slip into the tattoo emporium from time to time to have his colors touched up. On such strolls he would also call on George Welsh, his bodybuilder friend. It was during a visit to Welsh that the controversial photograph was taken and Frederik did not realize when he posed that it would wind up in public print.

To rule the four million people who occupy Denmark's seventeen thousand square miles is a job to which Frederik was born and toward which all his training was directed. He never questioned his destiny but while following the pattern laid down in nine centuries of unbroken succession he has stamped upon it the mark of his own strong individuality. During the broadcast when he discussed his home life and his children he said this about being king: "I have certain hours as you have in other businesses. It's a bit involved but when you have a lovely wife and lovely children it isn't too bad." He added: "It helps too if you have a sense of humor. I believe I have a little of that."

Frederik's "business" hours start at



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ten o clock Until noon he receives by appointment ministers ambassadors and his own subjects who have state business After lunch, which he eats when possible with his wife and children, he conducts further state business or lays a cornerstone, opens a museum, addresses a meeting, or performs some other ritual with which the calendars of royalty are so crowded Twice a month he holds public audiences where about seventy five of his subjects from all walks of life may talk to him about anything they wish provided the topic has been first vetted by the palace staff

Each year Frederik is host to his subjects at four traditional banquets. In King Christian's day the guests were all diplomats and dignitaries but now they come from every stratum of Danish life. Queen Ingrid plans the menus (she is said to sample every dish before it goes to the table) and arranges the flowers Frederik chooses the music He always has a rehearsal first so the waiters will learn to march in time to his selections.

Frederik often plays the piano in the palace sitting room for his wife and daughters and when he entertains privately he usually makes his friends listen to classical records whether they like it or not He has a collection of thousands of records and a library of hundreds of operatic and orchestral scores When he attends concerts he learns the program in advance and takes along the scores which are to be played

Even Royal Husbands Wail

The leader of the Royal Danish Orchestra says Frederik is "a born conductor with a strong individual style." Whenever he can Frederik slips into the royal theatre to conduct at rehearsals and occasionally he borrows the band for a private concert. Once a month he moves in on the state radio orchestra He has made records to be sold for charity.

He numbers among his friends such musical luminaries as Edwin Fischer the pianist whom he has conducted, Sir Malcolm Sargent, Eugene Ormandy Sir John Barbirolli and Lauritz Melchior Melchior tells of an occasion when he and Frederik got into a heated musical discussion Waving a contentious hand the singer accidentally knocked over the royal aquarium. Frederik was furious and ordered Melchior to help rescue the fish By the time they had been transferred safely to a bathtub the royal wrath was spent and the discussion continued

Frederik's anger erupts suddenly but subsides as quickly He will often berate all his daughters for chattering too much and he sometimes gets short-tempered with his wife when she regrets him to a tour of a hospital or a school. Last year when the royal couple visited Denmark's only colony Greenland and Ingrid was eagerly taking a queenly interest in everything Frederik was often to be found wolfing outside a school or a sanctarium lying flat on the ground in full admiral's uniform smoking cigarettes and complaining about the way women talk

In spite of his aversion to walking and to dress uniforms Frederik toured every settlement in Greenland wearing full regalia because he knew it would please Greenlanders to meet their king (they called him The Great One) dressed as he appears on postage stamps During the tour he entertained natives at receptions aboard his yacht, which he had piloted through the worst ice floes in twenty years — against the advice of the nation's most experienced seamen At



the parties Frederik served the drinks and Queen Ingrid passed the sandwiches.

The newspapers, Danish and foreign, love Frederik because he is so courteous and co-operative at public functions (When his uncle King Haakon of Norway barred photographers from his granddaughter's wedding in May Frederik invited them aboard his yacht.) But he can practically never be interviewed privately An English journalist assigned to write an article about him before his first state visit to London in 1949 wrote a letter opposing for an audience. "Since you once invited your subjects to telephone you I thought I would take the liberty ," is the way he launched his appeal It got him nowhere. And if Frederik's subjects ever telephone him it is purely accidental if they reach him 'The King's revitalize issued in a New Years broadcast several years ago is tactfully ignored by aides who sift all incoming calls with great care

His friends can reach him at a private line and during vacation seasons his phone rings incessantly For Frederik is a walking encyclopedia of information about railways and has committed half the timetables of Europe to memory He once admitted that next to music and art I love everything about railways. If my friends want to know something about the arrival or departure of a train they call me not the railway station."

Another of his enthusiasms is hunting. He is an excellent marksman and judging from a story he tells about himself a gallant hunter On a hunting party in Sweden some years ago he heard a noise near the lodge after everyone was in bed He got up seized his gun and went out. "There in the moonlight he saw an enormous elk. He raised his rifle aimed then stopped "I got the feeling that a sportsman simply could not stand there in nothing but a nightshirt and shoot that proud animal" he explained "I thought I had at least to show him the courtesy of proper dress so I went up to my bedroom and put on my clothes But alas, when I came down again the elk had disappeared"

For a few days of every year Frederik hunts at his log cabin in the Trend forest, a wedding present from the Danish people At Trend there is no accommodation for a few guests and only two servants Ingrid cooks the meals and sometimes Frederik helps with the housework Once when their only servant was ill a local farm woman knocked at the door and offered to help with the cooking Ingrid dressed in slacks with a kerchief over her hair and also was doing that herself "What about the cleaning then?" asked the helpful neighbor "That's done too." Frederik boomed from the front room "Daddy here has been ragging the vacuum cleaner all morning"

At his lodge Frederik wears the oldest clothes he possesses. When a game warden once pointed him out to a local boy the boy was shocked "It's not Fred," he exclaimed "That one's the king. He looks so common."

Frederik may sometimes look common and he may often act like a common man but it is those very qualities which make him such an uncommon king. He can cast aside his dignity and his titles without losing either Recently at one of his seldomes one of the visitors a tradesman, repeatedly called Frederik "Your Royal Highness." Skipping the titles Frederik suggested "Let's just enjoy ourselves." ★



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London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

the campaign could not have gone better Churchill repressing his extravagant abuse of the socialists which characterized the 1945 struggle was speaking like the great statesman that he is Eden was charming the nation on the radio and drawing great crowds to his meetings Even Rab Butler who had never gripped the imagination of parliament or the people was receiving support by his sound appeal to sober judgment

"The experts, soothsayers and even the bookmakers who had the odds predicted a majority of sixty to eighty for us

But within five or six days of the voting the whole picture changed. Some clever fellow in the Labour Party invented two slogans: "Churchill the warmonger!" "Whose finger on the trigger?" Perhaps this is fair love, war and elections but it was rather a dirty piece of work.

However it was left to the Daily Mirror which has the largest morning sale in the country. To drive the knife home. On the morning of the voting the Mirror came out with a picture of Churchill pointing a revolver—this revolver had been sketched in—and the caption: "Whose finger on the trigger?"

Churchill issued no immediate writ for libel but the damage had been done. We were already at war in Korea and a dread came over many people that Churchill meant to bring about war with Russia.

It was a bad day for us. From an almost certain majority of between sixty and eighty we emerged with a mere corporal's guard of seventeen. Just to conclude the newspaper aspect of it the Daily Mirror pleaded guilty of libel in court, paid a sum to a newspaper charity, and the editor resigned. Thus justice was done—but too late.

Now let us turn over the pages and look ahead to the autumn of 1953. Once more it is Winston Churchill, now in his seventy ninth year who dominates the political scene as completely as he did in 1940. Yet I could forgive the gods if looking down on this island they indulged in some ironic laughter which I agree needs explaining.

Just before we adjourned for the summer recess there was a two days debate at Westminster. Rab Butler, whose father had died three months before, and whose mother was on her deathbed, was acting Prime Minister acting Foreign Secretary and Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Let me admit at once that his opening speech in the debate was surprisingly ineffective. Although ambitious he has a strong sense of *esprit de corps* and he did not want to give the impression that he was bidding for the jobs of the absent Churchill or the absent Eden. Therefore he asked the Foreign Office to prepare his brief. And when it comes to using words that sound all right and mean little commend me to the British Foreign Office.

Butler read his speech with a weariness that never left him. As for the climax, with its finer resounding clichés, it was received by the Opposition with hilarity and by the Tories with gloom. There is not much gratitude in public life and Butler deserves the thanks of the whole nation for his devotion to duty—but the general feeling was that by this vapid speech he had steered the ring for the triumphal return of Anthony Eden from America.

The Opposition's Ment

But now comes the very height of irony! Little Clem Attlee, who had been giving a lifelike imitation of the dormouse for many months leaped into action and charged Butler with having betrayed the noble efforts of Churchill to bring about peace with Russia. Churchill the peacemaker! Churchill the man with his fingers on the olive branch! Churchill who, in his speech back in May, had spoken for the whole nation! One by one the socialists attacked us on the government benches for a foul plot to sabotage the noble work of Churchill's few unhappily at sea away from the scene.

The moribund Opposition members who for weeks on end had been as inanimate as the wax figures in Madame Tussaud's were electric with life. When they asked was this wretched Lord Salisbury who went to America and failed to support Churchill's noble plan? And what did this miserable Butler mean by supporting Salisbury instead of being true to the splendid idealism of his leader, the one and only Winston Churchill?

In the middle of the debate there was a clap of thunder. Perhaps it was the gods having a good laugh.

You will agree, however, that the tactics were good. The memory of the public is short and the electors have only a dim memory of days when the Labour Party denounced Churchill as a warmonger. Therefore it will not seem altogether strange that they are now proclaiming him as a peacemaker and sheeting the Conservatives with being false to their own leader.

Then what will happen when the melancholy days of autumn arrive and the good earth is preparing for its long winter sleep? Churchill has made a partial recovery from the same collapse that forced him to leave Parliament. His menace to Ministers are incessant and he has many visitors in the country. But he knows that he cannot forever defy the equitable decree of the years.

That is what the Labour Party is banking on. It knows that Churchill wants to appoint his successor—and that Anthony Eden will be his choice. It is never safe to predict anything about Churchill but I venture to suggest that in the late autumn, after Parliament has come back from the long recess, Churchill will go to Buckingham Palace and surrender the seals of office to the Queen. The traditional duty of her majesty will demand that she then ask Sir Winston to suggest the name of someone who could form a new Government. Churchill will undoubtedly suggest Eden.

The Queen will then send for Eden and empower him with the task of forming a new administration. At that moment Eden will have absolute power. According to his judgment as well as his likes and dislikes he has the sole right to appoint whom he chooses to the offices of State.

Do not let it be imagined that the choice of Eden by Churchill will receive unanimous support in the party. There is a powerful group of Butlerites who think that Rab is the nation's man of destiny. However Eden is not without political wisdom and he will undoubtedly offer ministerial posts to some of this group while at the same time inviting Butler to be No. 2 in the Government. I cannot see either Butler or his supporters declining—which is as it should be.

But what about the rank and file of the Conservative members—those of us who have the power to sustain or bring down our leaders as we see fit? Our chance will come when a meeting is called of all Tory Peers and Tory MPs for the purpose of choosing a new leader of the party—which is quite distinct from the premiership or any other office.

Normally the Prime Minister is also leader of his party, but there have been exceptions. For example Neville Chamberlain remained the party leader after he made way for Churchill as premier in 1940. But that is not a satisfactory situation. You cannot command a regiment for long if there is someone over you who can say "about turn" when you have just given the order "quick march."

In theory the party chooses its leaders but in practice the hierarchy usually has its way. For example when we gather to choose Churchill's successor the Grand Old Men will make his farewell speech, punctuated with humor tinged with sentiment, and completely devoid of theatricalism. He will thank us for our loyalty, recall the great days of the war and proclaim the Conservative Party to be the true voice of Britain.

He will pay tribute to Rab Butler and there will be an enormous ovation at the mere mention of the name. Also there will be mention of Harold Macmillan, Sir Walter Monckton and Sir David Maxwell Fyfe and when the applause has subsided Churchill will say: "We are indeed a fortunate party to have so many men who would adorn the role of prime minister and leader of the great Conservative Party." And then he will almost certainly say, with a twinkle in his eye: "And no doubt there are many members of the party who feel that if any of these stalwarts should falter in the battle there would be fifty, or one hundred and fifty others who could do the job even better."

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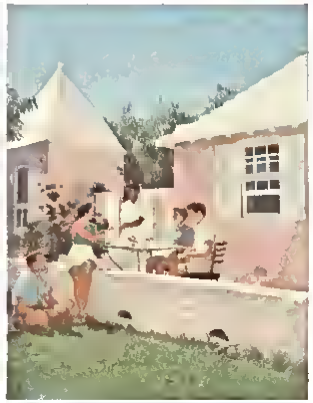
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platform a figure of charm, courage and modesty Someone once said of him that he was the greatest silent film-star Foreign Secretary in history but that the talkies had reduced his appeal Whatever they say he is a formidable political figure who providing his health is good will grow in stature when at last he comes to be the crown prince and ascends the throne

Lord Salisbury as leader of the party in the Lords will probably propose him as the new leader My guess is that Butler will second it Thus Eden will not only be Prime Minister but leader of the party I must assume that Churchill will then resign his seat, because it would be impossible for Eden or anyone else to lead the government with Churchill looking on

I have lifted the veil on future events in the knowledge that health may intervene to falsify the picture But if it does not intervene I am confident that my prediction will prove accurate At any rate having dared to paint the scene I may as well add a final touch

Once Eden or any of the other contenders is established as Prime Minister and party leader then it will be his duty to go to the country There is no law to this effect but custom can be more powerful than law

And the one certain thing is that the Labour Party will rampage about the country shouting that the Tories have betrayed Churchill the Peacemaker Tent, however, is politics and if Sir Winston permits himself a chuckle or two there will be no bitterness in his heart as he recalls the days when the same voices denounced him as the warmonger with his finger on the trigger ★

Nellie Was a Lady Terror

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

Theatre in Winnipeg—at admission fees—thousands were turned away. In a day before amplifiers her voice carried easily to the back rows of Massey Hall She appeared to be taking her hearers into her confidence and they failed to note her frequent lack of logic Even hard-boiled reporters temporarily fell under Nellie's spell.

"You have got to every word You a thought she was marvelous" a newspaperman confessed But afterward you had the devil of a time putting together even a few paragraphs from what she said"

The fact is Nellie's speeches were never profound but they had an uncanny way of mirroring the thoughts the emotions and the hopes of her mass audiences

One "thank you" speaker from a meeting she addressed thus naively attested to Nellie's common touch "We like your kind of talk It's not too deep or educated"

A clever tactician Nellie could make capital of anything She told gleefully of the woman who shook hands with her at a reception in Edmonton and said "I will certainly have something to tell our people when I go home I will tell them I met Mrs McClung and there was sure no style about her"

Her opponents however discovered that her pleasantly curving lips were significantly firm and thin and her chin stubborn Probably no tougher political philosophy could be found than the one she propounded "Never retreat never explain never apologize—get the thing done and let them howl"

Yet Nellie always insisted that women by nature weren't fighters She herself preferred to outwit her opponents She knew that they frequently irked at her feminine talkativeness as the read aloud to her audiences the satirical doggerel she received from detracters—verse like the following

"She is not old—she is not young
Her eye is sharp—so is her tongue
Who do I mean? N L. McClung"

and another which addressed her as

"Hail Prairie Rose
Sweetest flower that blows—
Winsome winning never sinning
Handsome, chic Verbose"

Nellie remarked impishly that she was sure the last word was employed "merely to complete the rhyme"

When she felt like it she could make short work of hecklers.

"How much does the Liberal Party pay you?" one disagreeable old fellow of the town tightwad asked in one strongly Conservative centre

"The Liberal Party doesn't need to pay me" Nellie said sweetly "when a generous-minded open faced Conservative like yourself pays fifty cents to hear me. The fact was that although Nellie addressed more than four hundred public meetings between 1913 and 1921 she received less in only three cases and donated the money to worthy causes

There was plenty of iron in Nellie and even Irish temper In her second volume of memoirs, The Stream Runs Fast she confesses to at least one occasion when she was tempted to commit mayhem. Manitoba's Premier Sir Rodmond Roblin, his cabinet and party members had walked out on a prohibition delegation she headed One member threw Nellie a kiss as he passed "See you later" he said

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"I had my umbrella in my hand and I'll never know why I didn't break it over his head" Mrs. McClung admitted

No one was ever completely neutral about Nellie She had all the vigor of saloon-smashing Carrie Nation—but without the violence. She had a very feminine interest in clothes, disliked the thought of growing old and loved beautiful things She greatly admired Aimee Semple McPherson and adored her own tall handsome red haired husband Robert Wesley McCleng a young druggist when she married him—later a district manager for the Manufacturers Life Insurance Company

In spite of her strict Methodist upbringing there was a pagan and rebel streak in Nellie When one women's group insisted that she subscribe to every word in the Old Testament (she had said the prophet Elisha was a cross old roan, not a saint) since he had sent bears to destroy the mocking youngsters) Nellie asked if they had searched as thoroughly into her political opponent's religious views.

The truth is, Nellie McCleng's personality was the blend of her stern Scottish mother's puritanical religious influence and the happy extrovert disposition she inherited from her light-hearted Irish father

Nellie aptly describes her dour but thrifty and industrious mother in Clearing in the West the first part of her two volume autobiography "Mother always took to homely people and bitter medicine"

But the active imaginative child adored the father who sang her Irish songs told tales of Ireland's wee folk laught her step-dancing and laughed till the tears ran down his face at Nellie's apt mimickry of her mother's two peculiar maiden aunts In later years this natural flair for drama stood her in good stead

Log-Cabin Childhood

She had trail-blazing in her blood. Her father, John Mooney, a Tipperary Irishman came to Canada in 1830 was a logger on the Ottawa River then took up and cleared a free grant of one hundred and fifty heavily-timbered acres near Georgian Bay He married Letitia McCurdy, a Scottish immigrant, and Nellie, the youngest of their six children was born Oct 20 1873 on the stony unprofitable farm in Grey County

Nellie was barely seven when her parents left Ontario to homestead in Manitoba, traveling the last hundred and eighty miles from Winnipeg to the Souris valley by ox-team The family's first home in the west, forty miles beyond Brandon was an unchinked one-room one window log cabin with thatched roof of prairie hay

Nellie did not attend school until she was ten when a one room prairie school was built two miles distant. Yet she refused an older sister's offer to teach her to read The small tomboy who loved running races and couldn't understand why it was wrong for girls' legs to show had decided to forego schooling She was going to be a cowboy

Life was circumscribed on the primitive homestead but every item of local and national news was vigorously discussed What route would the CPR take through their part of Manitoba? Would Louis Riel's arrival in the Northwest spread the rebellion east ward? Nellie McClung saw a great deal of Canadian history in the making, and the lively family discussion bred unusual political awareness in her

Other influences were at work Her mother's inherent conviction that liquor was one of the devil's devices for confounding mankind" was planted

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serly Nellie's childhood memory of a community picnic spoiled by peasant neighbors grown quarrelsome through liquor—of nearly being run down by an ox goaded by a drunken rider—spurs helped set the pattern for a life long battle

Its drama appealed too and Nellie at thirteen staged her own schoolgirl production of Ten Nights in a Bar room and naturally reserved for herself the highly emotional part of poor Fanny Morgan pleading with her drunken husband to come home

Young Nellie's uninhibited friendli ness and initiative frequently offended Chipmunk's ideas of modesty and propriety "Nellie you're very impulsive and talk too much—" she reproved Nellie's more critical teen-age brother insisted she was a "show off who likes to be noticed"

Before she was fifteen she passed provincial examinations which enabled her to attend Winnipeg Normal School and the next year she was teaching a rural school While in Winnipeg she met Agnes Laut one of Canada's earliest woman writers and later she saw Cora Hind, the West's first newspaperwoman Both were memorable occasions for Nellie already dreamed of writing

Her first active interest in women's suffrage was the result of the intense admiration she conceived for the beautiful older woman who championed it—the new minister's wife in Manitou where Nellie taught In an attempt to describe her Nellie said half jokingly "She is the only woman I have ever seen whom I should like to have for a mother in law"

It was a prophetic remark for in 1896 Nellie married the minister's red headed son "Wes" McClung a young druggist Nellie hadn't left Hesperus entirely to chance When she heard that the minister's wife had a good looking son, then home from college and working in Manitou's drugstore Nellie deliberately dressed in her best and went to the store presumably to buy a fountain pen

"He helped me choose it," she said "Of course, I asked his advice—being deliberately guided by his superior knowledge He never had a chance after that!"

Theirs was a long and successful marriage

"The day I married him I did the best day's work I have ever done" Nellie said Fifty years later, she and Wes McClung celebrated their Golden Wedding anniversary in Victoria, B C their home in latter years

Their first years together were spent in Manitou It was here that Nellie with three small children wrote her first book, Sowing Seeds in Danny, expanded from what was originally a short story drawn from her own experience as a child in pioneer Manitoba It was lost for a while in an editor's forgotten file, but when published in 1908 became the year's best seller

In 1911 when Wes McClung sold his drug business in Manitou and accepted an agency for the Manufacturers Life Insurance Company They moved to Winnipeg All but the youngest of the family now four boys and a girl were in school and Nellie became deeply immersed in the activities of the Manitoba suffrage association, the Political Equality League which she with other members of the Winnipeg Women's Press Club, helped form in 1912.

They first sought to improve factory conditions for women workers, but soon discovered that without votes they were getting exactly nowhere in petitioning Manitoba's Conservative Premier, Sir Rodmond Roblin, for appointment of a woman inspector

Nellie found a made-to-order opponent in the doughty dis-hard Roblin who had been Premier for thirteen years Her political experience was nil, but not her amazing backsure self confidence She telephoned Roblin obtained an immediate interview then after outlining what Manitoba women sought politically she suggested that he call his cabinet together and let her talk to them about it

Roblin did a double take Then he once heedened and he told this brash young matron that he considered her a rather conceited young woman who had perhaps had some success at Friday afternoon schoolhouse entertainments and so was laboring under the delusion that she had the gift of oratory

This probably came too close to the truth to be rebuked but it didn't daunt Nellie a diplomat "You'll hear from me later Sir Rodmond," she said And you may not like what you hear"

"Is this a threat?" Roblin asked

No," Nellie said, "a prophecy

She was a dangerous woman to underestimate Roblin soon discovered The highlight of the suffrage campaign was a Mock Parliament of Women staged in Winnipeg's Walker Theatre in 1914 Nellie as the Woman Premier burlesqued Roblin and his cabinet to such effect the audience rocked with laughter

As Premier she received a delegation of men asking for the right to vote as the women had just previously petitioned Roblin Nellie paraphrased the Premier's actual words and reproved the men petitioners with the same appeal to tradition

The suffrage group made enough from the plays run to finance their campaign in the provincial election which followed Its leaders (besides



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Nellie such well known Manitoba women as Cora Hind, Kennetha Haig Lillian Beynon Thomas and Frances M Beynon) vigorously stumped for the Liberals, who put a suffrage plank in their platform. The Roblin government was returned to power but with such a slim majority it crashed within ten months. In January, 1916 under the victorious Liberal Government, Manitoba granted its women full suffrage—the first province in Canada to do so. The other western provinces, where Nellie's influence was also strong granted women's suffrage later that same year Since there was no national suffrage organization, women won the vote in Canada province by province It wasn't until 1920 that the Dominion Elections Act gave them the Federal franchise

Naturally in a day when opponents of women's suffrage argued that woman's place was in the home Nellie, with a husband and five children (the eldest seventeen the youngest three) offered a ready made target for virulent personal attacks Many hinted she must have personal reasons for raising such a fuss about the liquor traffic and the wrongs of womankind

Nellie spiked such innuendoes by telling her audiences that she and her husband were on the best of terms

"He works and he doesn't drink nor beat me"

Hecklers asked how he liked her frequent absences from home Didn't she believe a mother's place was in the home?

"Yes, I do" Nellie agreed and so is the father's—but not 24 hours a day for either of them." And she punched home her contention "Women's duty lies not only in rearing children, but also in the world into which those children must some day enter"

"Neglected" Children Made Good

The slightest high jinks of her active high-spirited boys were attributed to "maternal neglect." But Nellie's young family gleefully entered into the game of outwitting their mother's detractors Even Mark the cherubic three-year old immaculate in white sailor suit, was primed by his older brothers to say, when asked who he was, "I am a suffragette's child—and I never knew a mother's love."

Once when another of her youngsters strayed away from home he was retrieved much the worse for wear by an older brother who shouted "I got him, mother Don't worry I sneaked him up the lane The Telegram (the Winnipeg paper violently opposed to Nellie) didn't get a picture of him!"

Mrs. McClung was once asked if a woman could raise a family successfully and have a career She need only have pointed to her own children The youngest, Mark, was a Rhodes Scholar Jack, the oldest, now deceased, became Alberta's Deputy Attorney-General Two other sons are successful west coast businessmen—the only daughter is married Mark has an executive post with the RCMP Intelligence Staff

Nellie never had any trouble holding the plentiful and expert domestic help of her day One such housemaid stayed with the family twelve years, another five—and the former on marrying named her first two children after two of Nellie's. It speaks well for her congeniality and co operation She once said that family harmony was essential if a family woman was to have a successful public career This love and loyalty she felt she always had

But the also gave of them unstintingly When Wes McClung was transferred to the management of the Edmonton branch of his company in 1914, Nellie without one glance behind

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at the political ambitions she might easily have realized in Manitoba, moved with her family to the western city.

There she launched enthusiastically into Alberta women's fight for suffrage and prohibition and saw both ushered in during 1916. She was elected as a Liberal to the Alberta Legislature in 1921 but admitted she was not a good party woman. She was always an independent when principles were at stake. She championed legislation considered radical at that time: mothers' allowances, public health nursing services, free medical and dental treatment for school children, as well as new laws covering women's property rights.

A provincial referendum in 1924 ended prohibition which had been in force in Alberta since 1916 and replaced it with Government Liquor Control permitting sale of spirits, wines and beer by permit from government stores and beer from licensed hotels and clubs. Mrs. McClung, who had campaigned strongly for the retention of prohibition, was defeated when she tried for re-election to the legislature in 1926. She lost by sixty votes.

But she quickly worked off any resentment or regret she may have felt by indulging in a large and successful baking binge. "No woman could turn out an eventful of good flaky pies and not find peace for her troubled soul," Nellie said.

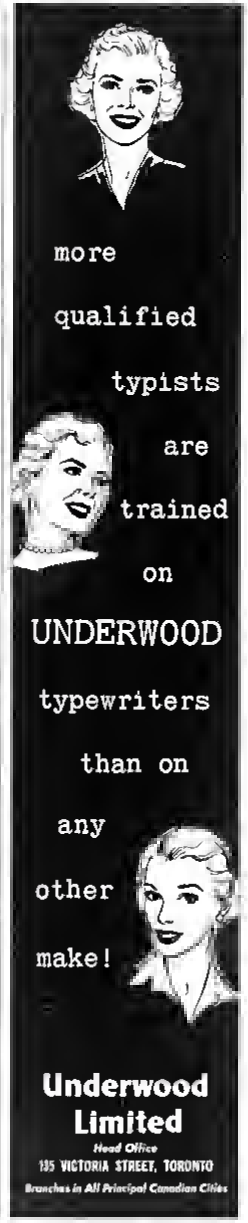
She was fifty-three at the time. She did not seek election again but her tremendous drive and crusading zeal found other outlets. She joined Judge Emily Murphy ("Janey Canuck"), Canada's first woman magistrate, in her fight to establish Canadian women's right to seats in the Canadian Senate. Today the names of the five Alberta women who successfully carried that fight through the Supreme Court of Canada to the Privy Council to prove that women are Persons under the BNA Act, and therefore eligible to the Senate, are inscribed on a plaque at the entrance of the Senate Chamber in Ottawa. They include beside Emily Murphy's and Nellie McClung's those of Mrs. Louise McKinney, former Alberta M.L.A. and first woman to be elected to any legislative assembly in the British Empire, Mrs. Henrietta Edwards, author of a book Lewis Knitting to Women and Mrs. Irene Parlby, for fourteen years a member of Alberta's Greenfield cabinet.

Nellie and her husband moved to the west coast in 1933 where McClung still lives. From 1936-42 Mrs. McClung served on the CBC's Board of Governors. She also made her second trip abroad as a delegate to the League of Nations in 1938.

She was still writing at seventy. She contributed widely to magazines and newspapers across Canada and between 1926 and 1945 produced seven more books, bringing her total to fifteen. Of these, at least five sold twenty-five thousand copies each. Publishers estimate her income from her books at close to sixty thousand dollars.

What she wrote was never profound and her full-length fiction, all written before 1926, would scarcely measure up to modern critical standards. But Nellie's life and sympathetic personality as well as her spinnaker came through in all her writings and her public speeches.

She never did slow up until an attack of angina when she was seventy struck a warning note. She lived to be seventy-seven and never lost her buoyant enthusiasm for women's rights. Not long before her death she said, with her usual force: "I believe the day is coming when all bars will be let down and all opportunities thrown open to women." ★



Lincoln Lebreton's One-man Railroad

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

by Dunn's cryptic appraisal he failed to show it. In his thirty-one years with possibly the smallest and certainly the most improbable standard-gauge railroad in the world he has heard all manner of jibes. Lord Willingdon, a former governor-general of Canada, once rode with him and later opined that the NNBSR world shaker bones loose from the body. A woman burst into hysterics when the train pitched around a bend on the lip of a gorge and demanded to be let off. It was four miles from the nearest house. Lebreton chuckled to himself and let her scream.

In spite of the gripes Lincoln esteems his trying vehicle as not merely a means of transportation but a cure for the aches and pains frequently attributed to it. "I been riding this for thirty years," he recently told a city woman who blamed it for a sore back, "and I'm twice as healthy as you."

In that time Lebreton has ridden close to half a million miles—righteen times around the world—over the Northern New Brunswick and Newfoundland sixteen miles of track. He has carried thousands of woodsmen, prospectors, surveyors and sportsmen without injury except for the slight bruises normally to be expected.

He once fought off a bunch of drunken lumberjacks bent on stealing his train for a joyride. A man of giant strength, Lebreton occasionally is called upon to lift his train back on its wayward rails. With it he has raced the stark and death itself. At least two people owe their lives to Lebreton's train. One is a woodsman; the other Lincoln's own son.

Nurnemoid to a Moose

For Willingdon the Toonerville Trolley was a flag-draped coach of state for any man who died in Grand Falls: it was the hearse which took the body to Bathurst for burial; for sick and injured persons who live or work along the lonely track it is a lifeline. Lebreton once found a young moose dying of starvation in winter, loaded it aboard and took it along the line to a spot where foraging was easier. The NNBSR is a railroad without labor problems—the sole employee is paid an undisclosed but satisfactory salary by the owners, the Bathurst Power and Paper Company. Freight rates and passenger fares haven't changed since it started but it can actually boast a profit (a thousand dollars last May for example).

The railway owns only four pieces of rolling stock: two asthmatic jitneys and two flat cars. Yet six days a week its terminus at Nipisiguit Junction is more crowded with ears, trucks and people than the CNR's main line station at nearby Bathurst ever is when the two big Montreal-Halifax flyers, the Scotian and the Ocean Limited, pull in. For the NNBSR cuts deep into the heart of the wooded lands where last year prospectors unearthed rich deposits of base metals that may boom the Bathurst area into another Sudbury. Roman Lebreton is right in the thick of it and his train is still the only means of getting men, supplies and machinery to where the precious stuff lies. His way stops: New Larder U. Brunhurst (Percupine Pen.) and Brunswick Mining—nire names that make Canadian stock market brokers behave like bet gauger corntors.

It is singularly fitting that the mining strike that has given the NNBSR such strategic importance was made at a tumbledown iron mine a mile back of Grand Falls. It was to take men and supplies into this old hole and to carry ore out that the line was built in 1904 as the Tetu Tree Mines Railway. Five years later it was superseded with its present imposing title. For a brief time Grand Falls—known also as Bathurst Mines—was a busy, noisy community where the clanking din of heavy machinery and the thunder of falling water echoed through the forests.

But the mine didn't pay and just before Christmas of 1913 it closed. The steam locomotives snorted away to find new work and a jitney was left behind to serve the few people who stuck around. During World War I the rails were ripped up to make guns. They were restored in 1919 when the newsprint boom was high.

At that time the first of the NNBSR's unseemly engines was constructed around a Model T motor. Three years later Lincoln Lebreton took over the throttle. He was a husky young lumberjack from Tracadie, N.B.—whose father Charlie was a woods boss around Grand Falls. It was Charlie Lebreton who nicknamed his son Lincoln (he was baptized Gilbert fifty-seven years ago) in tribute to his fine head of curly black hair. This origin must be accepted on faith for today Lebreton's head is bald with merely a fringe of white.

Lebreton hasn't answered to the name Gilbert since his father tagged him with Lincoln. A Bathurst tax collector knows this only too well. Riding out to Grand Falls he asked Lincoln where Gilbert Lebreton might be found.

"Can't say as I know the name," an-



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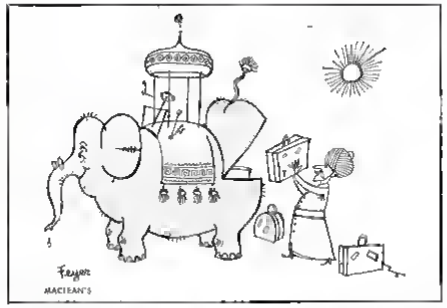
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swered Lebreton thoughtfully "Maybe he's farther up the river" No one in Grand Falls knew him either The tax collector spent six weeks tracking down the elusive Gilbert. When he did, Lincoln paid up with a smile

Lebreton is of medium height weighs a close-packed two hundred and five pounds, and his round pinkish wea her beaten face habitually wears the grin of a man contented with his career And indeed life on the Northern New Brunswick and Seaboard is addem dell With tracks that resemble a warped washboard it can't be Because the night of his rusty rails and crumbling ties is so disquieting Lincoln avoids looking ahead when footing the Tearnerville along He sits sideways watching the scenery shoot by Once when he was traveling alone ignoring the path ahead his train plunged from the tracks Lebreton was exhurt but decidedly angry "I could af walked back—it was only five miles," he recalls. "but the wife had supper waiting at home cp ahead."

So he grabbed the overturned jitney strained his mighty muscles and rgbted it Then seizing a fallen tree trunk Benyaneagee fashion he prod it back on the rails. "I didn't think I could lift it" he related later. "But I was very cross."

He was equally re rained a few years back when five transient lumberjacks from the Quebec woods took on a load of rum and attempted to commandeer his train for a spin through the country side. Lebreteec..who has never taken a holiday simply because he doesn't want anyone else toying around with his rolling stock stoutly resisted those vandals He mingled out the ringleader and hit fly with a fist of the size of a cannon ball His adversary toppled The others prudently withdrew

Lebreton s train presents a weird sight as it rattles through the bush woods. With the logs of his passengers dangling over the sides, it looks like a great brown centipede The writer contributed to this array on several trips. On the first two fellow passengers were Roman Catholic lay brothers bound for a day s fishing One clutched the shuddering train till his knuckles were white The other smiled weakly

At Grand Falls, the train was still slowing down when the brothers jumped off One pointed back along the tracks and asked Lebreton "How long have you been riding things?"

More n thirty years now"

My ass" said the cleric, "you have a stout heart"

Later I examined the notes I made en route One which resembled the scratchings of a seismograph during a major earthquake was deciphered to read "Lebreton says he doesn't notice the bumps." That s what it said

Lebreton admits his train can be a mite rough when he really opens her up to her full forty miles an hour instead of the twenty he usually maintains Only in dire emergency, therefore does he give the jitney full throttle.

One such was in the hot summer of 1943 when his youngest son Gordon was stricken with polio Within twenty four hours he was totally paralyzed Lincoln carried him down the hill from their Grand Falls home to the train It was five a m He stretched the boy out on a long wooden seat beside him and started off on the fastest and most difficult trip he'd ever made The old jitney took the turns at a giddy speed Twice it nearly shot off the rails. Lebreton remembers, "I prayed all the way" At Nipnigelt Junction Gordon was met by an ambulance and rushed to hospital He recovered with only a slight limp in one leg Doctors said if Lincoln hadn t tossed caution to the winds the boy would almost certainly have died

Three years ago Lincoln heading into Bathurst one bitterly cold late afternoon glanced up the line and saw a dark shape lying huddled beside the tracks He jammed on the brakes, two iron bars that scrape and spark in front of the wheels. A man lay in the snow his clothing coated with ice his legs frozen like boards but still breathing Lebreton lifted him into his train and raced to Bathurst. The man named Baudreau, recovered with the loss of one foot Later he told Lebreton that he had fallen into a brook while cutting pulpwood He had kindled a fire to thaw himself out but he couldn t keep it going Before being overcome by cold he managed to crawl to the tracks knowing it was his only hope "I knew the Tearnerville would be coming through" he said She always does"

Many times Lebreton has been wakened to rush an injured lumberjack into hospital or fetch a doctor to deliver a baby Much of the latter has been personal work Lincoln s plump and pleasant wife Helen has borne nine eight children Their home is a comfortable seven room house supplied by the power company for twelve dollars a month. Seven of the children have grown up and left home Gordon, eighteen is in college

If someone needs help" says Elliott Branch a neighbor "Lincoln would crawl out on his hands and knees to bring it"

Lebreton ran a race of his own with death some years ago At Grand Falls a crew of woodsmen including Lebreton's brother Fred loaded two flatcars with huge cedar poles and started them down the long slope to Chaney Rocks three miles distant. Two miles down the line Lincoln s train stood on the track. Lebreton was up a pole talking on a portable telephone when he heard the roar of the speeding flatcars. "Hold the line!" he is alleged to have said. "I hear a train and it ain't mine"

He reached his jitney and started its motor just as the lurching flatcars mended a bend behind him They gained on him all the way down to Chaney Rocks and were n scant fifty feet behind when he hit the upgrade at the bottom of the three-mile slope Lincoln s ancient motor kept his train in the lead until the flatcars slowed on the slope stopped and rolled back I kept right on going to the end of the line," Lebreton recalls

The fact that Lebreton was cp the pole in the first place was not attractive In the books of the Bathurst Power and Paper Company he isn t listed as a trainman but a lineman Apart from his multiple railroad duties his job is to repair high tension lines that run beside the tracks into Bathurst If ic the dead of night a thunderstorm shatters an insulator or burns out a wire he gets out of bed and sets out to his train to fix it. Once when he was repairing storm damage his arm brushed against a wire and was paralyzed by electricity With the other arm hooked around a strut he kicked his feet madly until he shook free Thereafterth Lebreton agreed to wear a safety belt At that particular point it is a hundred foot drop from the top of the pole to the bottom of the gorge

On night emergency calls Lebreton drives his train blanked out not only because he knows every foot of track like the palm of his hand but because of a wreck once caused by a bright headlight Time was during the early months of the NNBSR before Lebreton became to permanent personnel The engineer of that time was driving at night with a headlight. A moose paralyzed by the beam, stood in the tracks and was hit by the train Both moose and jitney were wrecked So when Lebreton took over he removed the light as a safety measure Occasionally he has to stop the train when a she-bear and her cubs frolic on the tracks and passengers sometimes blanch and demand more speed at the sight of a perpensiful black bear bounding along beside the train for a mile or so "He ain t hungry" Lebreton consoles them. "—just wants to run a bit"

In winter when snowdrifts pile high on the tracks, Lincoln puts his train away in a shed and carries on with a snowmobile a beetlelike truck on tractor treads and skis This is an innovation In harder years he would trot out a horse to haul the NNBSR s sled when winter came Once Lebreton and Joe McDonald, of Grand Falls, stopped off on their way home to eat lunch at a logger's shack near the present site of the Bronhcrest mining camp They exhitched the horse and were eating their sandwiches when they saw the horse trotting away in the direction of Grand Falls

The two men ran after him The horse waited until they were close then jogged another hundred yards..stopped and waited again After a mile McDonald gave up Lebreton kept on Seven miles and ninety minutes later the horse arrived at its stable in Grand Falls Lincoln was a hundred yards behind still running He puffed up and grabbed his bridle Aha he shouted I caughtcha!"

Such marathon bouts are common place to Lebreton One Christmas Eve the jitney broke down en route to Grand Falls. His passengers were school children coming home for the holiday and the women of the village laden down with presents for their families. Lincoln herded them into

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another logger's shack for shelter. "Hold on," he told them. "I'll be right back." He trudged six miles through the snow to Grand Falls and rode six miles back with a team of horses. Everyone got home for Christmas.

Though he travels to the outskirts of Bathurst twice a day, Lincoln seldom goes into town more than once a year and entertains no desire to dwell anywhere but deep in the backwoods, where the air is clean and a man has room to move around. He has a low opinion of life in cities and towns. "They're always fighting and chasing after money," he swears. "Bunch of cannibals!"

There are few rules and regulations on the NNBSR but one which Lebreton enforces adamantly prohibits smoking in the dry season. Forest fires are fearful things to those who live in the woods. Two city women once ignored his order. Lebreton stopped the pitney on a particularly uninviting stretch of bushland. "Okay, ladies," he said, "either them smokes get out or you do." They complied.

During World War II Lebreton's railroad was called upon for a brief but important service to the Allies. In the latter part of the war German U-boats sank many of the ships that kept iron ore flowing from Wabana, Nfld., to the roaring blast furnaces at Sydney, N.S. To maintain the supply Ottawa reopened the abandoned iron mine back of Grand Falls. For six months at considerable expense and only slightly less hazard than the enemy offered ore was carried out over the ancient rails of the NNBSR. After the crisis had passed, Lebreton had the railway to himself once again.

Until last year the career of Lebreton and his railway proceeded as smoothly as the washboard roadbed permitted. Then one day Lincoln took aboard a passenger named Patrick Mc- (Pat) Meahan, a prospector who rode to the Falls and a mile beyond to the old iron mine. There Meahen swung a pack sack over his shoulder and vanished into the woods. Some days later he reappeared. A short time after word flashed across Canada that promising deposits of base metals had been found southwest of Bathurst.

Suddenly Lebreton found scores of prospectors waiting at Nipisiguit Junction every morning to ride with him. His business increased tenfold, but his rates remained the same as they were in the early Twenties: passengers, seventy five cents each; freight, twenty five cents per hundredweight or fifteen dollars for a whole carload.

One day last fall at the height of the rush he jammed one hundred and thirty five men into his two pitneys and two flatcars. Nothing of the train was visible as it groaned along. On both sides of the track forests echoed the sound of claim stakes being pounded into the ground. Lincoln thought of hammering a few himself but he didn't have the time.

When the big mining companies moved in, Lincoln lugged tractors, building supplies, mee and their grub set to the boom regions. The old NNBSR, or as he'd so good. Today there is speculation that the tiny village of Grand Falls may mushroom into a sizable country town.

The future appears bright for all except the Northern New Brunswick and Shoreline. By a cruel irony the boom that has brought Lebreton a railroad its greatest prosperity is also the great at threat to its survival. A road net to the mining properties is now being planned. If and when the mines start to produce on larger rail line will certainly be built to serve them. It could mean the end of Lincoln Lebretons one-man railroad. ★

Everybody Wants To Own a Yacht

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

gadgets taking two and a half typewritten pages. Total value of yacht with accessories: $108,557.50.

Some yacht owners work so joyously doing this sort of thing that by the time they have the yacht completely equipped with everything they can think of the fun is over and they start all over again to buy another yacht. One time while Ogilvie was in Fort Lauderdale, Fla., looking over the yacht situation, he met a casual young man who offered to sell him a yacht he'd bought three weeks before for eighty thousand dollars. Since then he'd had the name of his life reburnished, the bridge deck in red leather. He'd never had the boat away from the dock. He said he'd sell it for seventy thousand dollars. Ogilvie still has it listed.

Some of Ogilvie's most colorful prospects are people who are only pretending they're going to buy yachts. A year ago a keen with high hair, a nervous laugh and a bobbing adam's apple walked into his office and said he wanted something seaworthy with accommodation for two. Ogilvie said he'd look around and give him a call. No, the customer said, he'd call Ogilvie. A month later the customer came in again. Ogilvie told him what he'd found up. The customer gave a jerky laugh, looked around suspiciously and said he'd think it over. Ogilvie asked could he call him? The customer said no, he'd call Ogilvie. At the end of the first year of this Ogilvie still doesn't know the customer's phone number.

At their last meeting Ogilvie got into a skiff and, standing in the stern in a neat blue business suit, poled the customer majestically across to Royal Canadian Yacht Club lagoon to show him a funeliana but frowsy double-ended thirty foot schooner. The customer looked the boat over, said nothing, and told Ogilvie he'd think it over. Ogilvie asked him if he could call him. The buyer said no, he'd call Ogilvie.

One time a young man with an impressive English accent and a mustache with daring needle ends came into Ogilvie's office, gave his name as Meyer, and said that he wanted a small yacht that he could cruise around on while writing a book. Ogilvie suggested a boat made to specifications and Meyer said it sounded like a damned good show. A few weeks later Ogilvie, Meyer and a yacht architect met for lunch to look over the plans.

Over liqueurs Meyer became expansive. He said that, as a matter of fact, there had always been a yacht in his family in the old country and that it was usually moored at Spithead where King George V kept his yacht. As a matter of fact, the young man said, one day after a good fishing trip he had signalled to the captain and asked him if his majesty would be interested in seeing a good catch of fish. He got a reply to bring them over. He mounted the companionway. King George looked at the fish. In the meantime, who should come up but the Prince of Wales, who said: "Glad to see you again, Meyer."

Ogilvie and the marine architect by this time were shifting uneasily.

"Imagine," Meyer said madly. "The Prince of Wales was able to remember meeting a DFC on me all that time."

Ogilvie pated the check. After Meyer had left, Ogilvie called Muyer's phone number. A woman said Meyer was out. Ogilvie asked just where the place was. She said: well, you just go three stores past the pentstorm and it's the second house with a sign in the window that says Rooms. Twenty five Cents. Ogilvie hasn't seen Meyer since.

A Cellar-Full of Twenties

But sometimes the shocks are pleasant ones. A few months ago Ogilvie closed a deal for a ten thousand-dollar sloop over a kitchen table in Windsor. When the order was signed Ogilvie asked the new owner what he wanted in the way of accessories.

"Warden. I want with accessories?" the customer said.

Ogilvie cleared his throat. "Well I mean things like a compass."

"Wadda I want with a compass?"

Ogilvie, beginning to feel another anti climax coming on, said he'd give him a compass. The customer said okay, okay, okay. He went down to the cellar and came up with ten thousand dollars in twenties. It was enough money to stuff Ogilvie's brief case. Ogilvie counted a few hundred with trembling hands. Each time he made it come out to a different figure. He finally just stuffed it in his brief case and took a chance. It was right to the dollar.

About seventy-five percent of Ogilvie's deals are for powerboats but the percentage of sailing craft on his list is increasing yearly.

A big cruiser type sailing yacht is a beautiful creation that has the respect and admiration of boatmen yet still qualifies for glamour. But it has to be sailed. Canvas men have usually been in the business since boyhood. Most of them work as crew for a long time before they owe even a twelve-foot dinghy. Only about one out of four members of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club owns a boat.

Not all sailors, however, came up the slow, sure way. Toronto boatmen are still talking of the man who, after practicing for three weeks the maneuvers known as "coming about," took his family on a new expensive schooner and headed for the West Indies with a scrap of hidden treasure. He headed out the eastern gap from Toronto Bay and called to someone as he passed: "Which way do I turn for Montreal?" He was picked up by a trawler somewhere in the Atlantic three weeks later, safe, sound and lost.

A sailboat costs about the same to maintain as a power cruiser of comparable size and one of the major items is paint. Sailors are so alarmed by the very thought of dry rot that some claim it can be spread from boat to boat by the wind and raise a cry when an old boat-up trump moves in and

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moors to windward. But a sailboat uses wind and muscle which are free instead of gas and oil. On a sailboat for every hour sailing you spend three hours working. Most owners of big boats maintain hands to do the work. A fifty foot cruiser type sailing craft costs something like $15,000 a year to maintain with paid hands.

Traditionally, powerboat men and sailboat men scorn one another. The sailboat man calls the powerboats stinkpots and 'summer cottagers'; the powerboat man holds that anyone still using the same principle of propulsion as Leif Ericson has a screw loose. Actually the feud is vanishing. Today there's little friction left. Owners of powerboats not only belong to yacht clubs but are often valued members helping to organize and act as officials in yacht races, donating and sponsoring racing craft to clubs much the way a non-horseman may have a thoroughbred carrying his colors in the Queen's Plate.

Sailboat men on the other hand, no longer risk being left becalmed while they miss trains, appointments and fat orders. They nearly all use auxiliary motors something that twenty-five years ago was considered downright caddish.

One of the big changes Ogilvie has seen in yachting since he started in business is the acceptance of women as crew. Twenty-five years ago women were left on shore. When the first wife was taken on a boat at the Royal Canadian Yacht Club there was much wringing of hands among the members that could be heard clear to the mainland. With a woman on board a man could slip around naked or otherwise behave in a normal male manner. Now yachtsmen have not only accepted women but they recognize them as good sailors.

"Women either become real boating enthusiasts," Ogilvie says, "or they spoil it for their husbands. I make a lot of sales through wives, but I lose a lot too. When a man says, 'Well I'll talk it over with my wife' sometimes it means the end of the deal. Sometimes I not only lose the sale but I lose the customer. A few years ago I sold a forty-foot twin-screw power cruiser to a middle-aged bachelor. He had two seasons of really enjoyable cruising and was a potential customer for fifty. Then he got married and the boat went up for sale. I bought it fairly cheap for a while, but the owner finally said it himself. He's given up boating for good."

Just how thoroughly a woman catches on to discipline at sea was illustrated by a Toronto woman Ogilvie tells about who took her first trip on a yacht with her sailor husband out in the Gulf of Mexico. The first time she gave him an argument he took a minute or two to give her a ruthless tongue-lashing about the importance of there being a head man on board. A little later they ran into a real blow at night. They grounded on a reef but as far as the wife knew they were wallowing in fathoms of water. Her husband told her to jump overboard, meaning that she would have to get out and push. She jumped overboard. She swears to this day that she thought she was jumping off obediently into the deepest part of the Gulf of Mexico.

Rising Ogilvie says, is the big thrill of yachting. It claims most of the time of seventy-five percent of sailors. Races are organized mainly according to type of boat. Meter class boats are designed to an engineering formula of various ratios of hull dimensions and area of sail, but within the formula endless combinations are possible. Class boats are identical in design.

The names that most laymen know refer not to hull design but to rigging. If the boat has one mast with a mainsail and jib, it's a sloop. If it has two masts with the bigger mast aft, it's a schooner. If it has two masts with the bigger mast forward, it's a yawl when the smaller mast is before the helm, a ketch if it's aft of the helm.

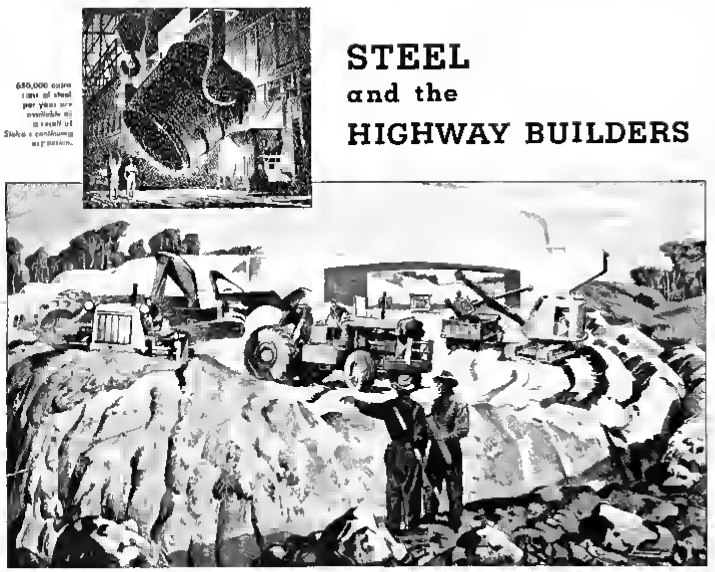
When a marine architect designs a new and acceptable type of boat it's given a name, and a world wide association is formed for that class. An insignia is designed and the boat is registered, the registration number appearing on the sail. One of the constant complaints among yachtsmen Ogilvie says is that as soon as a new class is established owners start to try to bend the rules by adding gadgets that will give an advantage in a race. Other owners are forced to follow. Still other gadgets are designed. Soon the boat becomes so expensive that the class begins to die out.

The big change in sailing craft since the war is the trend to smaller and less expensive boats. It started when the cost of living sent previously moderately priced boats up into unattainable brackets. An International Class boat before the war would have cost three thousand dollars. Today it costs about eight thousand. A fourteen foot racing dinghy cost before the war

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IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

A Pair of Past Masters

THE TWO guest stars whom we asked to appear in this Christmas issue have one thing in common at least: they both are past masters at two of the most ancient and durable forms of writing. Robert Service is a balladeer. Mary Grannan tells fairy tales.

Service is a man hounded by misconceptions. The chief one is that he has been dead for twenty-five years. He is, as we remarked in this column recently, very much alive in Monte Carlo and he has been writing steadily since he left the Klondike in 1912. He has produced thirteen books of verse, six novels, two books of autobiography, and one devoted to physical culture called Why Not Grow Young. The last is his favorite and the only one of his works he has bothered to re-read (it urges people to chew their food thirty times per mouthful and to eat vast quantities of potatoes daily).

Another misconception about Service is that he went to the Klondike on the Trail of '98, where he wrote his famous verses about Dan McGrew and Sam McGee from scenes he actually witnessed. The fact is that both these poems, along with all the others in his first book, Songs of a Sourdough (one and a half million copies sold), were written ten years after the goldrush *before* Service ever set foot in the Klondike. All of them were products of the poet's inventive imagination though many Yukon sourdoughs have since gone on record as claiming that they knew The Lady That's Known as Lou personally.

Service spent less than four years in the Klondike where he worked as a teller in the Canadian Bank of Commerce until he discovered he was making more money from his verses than his boss was from banking. Service quit and began to write his first novel, The Trail of '98, on rolls of wallpaper in his fifth log cabin on the edge of town. He would hang the wallpaper up when he'd written a few paragraphs and gaze at it from a distance to make sure it looked all right. After he ran out of wallpaper he used wrapping paper (there was a shortage of ordinary writing paper in Dawson in those days).

Service left the Yukon in 1912 when the Toronto Star commissioned him to cover the war in the Balkans. Though he wrote eloquently of the north in all his poems the spell of the Yukon has never called him back. In 1945 when the poet was in Hollywood (he played himself in the movie version of Rex Beach's, The Spoilers), an airline company offered to take him back to Dawson City. Service said no thanks, it would be too sad to see the old place again.



Mary Grannan is beginning her 17th volume of fairy tales



Robert W. Service... now of Monte Carlo, still pens poems.

A confirmed nomad Service has been just about everywhere and done just about everything. He has knocked about from Tahiti to the Volga and from Rat River to Istanbul. He has been a hobo in Mexico, served with the Turkish Red Crescent, lugged a canoe over the Yukon-Mackenzie divide and prowled the slums of Paris disguised as an Apache in a turtle-neck sweater. He was on the Volga when the German-Russian pact of 1939 was signed and in Warsaw when the Nazis invaded Poland. He spirited his family out of France on a coal ship full of dying men a few steps ahead of the invader. Now he lives quietly in Monte Carlo, produces a book of verse a year, eats plenty of potatoes, chews each mouthful of food thirty times and expects to die of old age.

Mary E. Grannan who wrote A Gift For the Princess for us, is almost as prolific as Service. She's just finished the Red Book of Just Mary stories, her ninth volume, and is working on a tenth and eleventh for older children. She started a new radio series last fall called Jubilee Road as well as continuing her perennial Just Mary series. Several of her stories have appeared on television shows such as The Kate Smith Hour. And she's booked solidly for speaking engagements this winter. ★



That Was Really Christmas

by Kate Aitken



Kate at the age of 7 with brother Wallace

'Whenever I see a vacant lot of Christmas trees or see a store window full of dolls I can't help thinking back to one particular Christmas in the small up-country village of Beeton, Ontario when our Christmas was really Christmas".

Beginning in the December Chatelaine Kate tells the warm and humorous recollections of a woman whose small town childhood gave her a zest for life that has made her one of Canada's liveliest radio personalities.



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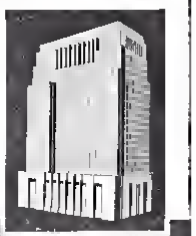


R. J. Beaudry, Sydney, Cape Breton

THERE are many ways in which The Bank of Nova Scotia's more than 400 branches are contributing to the welfare of their home-towns. Among the most important are these that help their communities to prosper. They range from giving financial help to a farmer or a storekeeper, to investing in the expansion of the community's biggest industry or to helping a new industry to get its start. Investments of this kind are good for the community and good for Canada.

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PARADE

THREE DELEGATES at the Manitoba Teachers' Federation convention wanted adjacent seats at the banquet. The youngest of them stepped up to a pretty secretary and said, "Can we sit together?" She said it could be arranged.

On banquet night, the young delegate found himself sitting beside the secretary, while his two friends were out of sight at the other end of the long table.

• • •

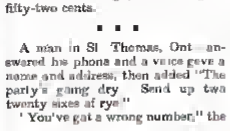
A Coderre, Sask., resident sent a bag of clothing by mail to a Moose Jaw steam laundry for cleaning and in several days called for the articles: two suits, an overcoat, several pairs of odd trousers, worth in all about two hundred and fifty dollars. But the laundry could find no trace of them.

At just about the same time, employees of a woolen mill nearby were discussing the oddity of a man who would send in a bundle of practically new clothes as wool scrap. But it was none of their business so, in due course, a credit for the value of the wool went through, amounting to fifty-two cents.

• • •

A man in St. Thomas, Ont., answered his phone and a voice gave a name and address, then added "The party's gang dry. Send up two twenty sixes at rye."

"You've got a wrong number," the man said, a little astonished.



"Quit kidding and send over that rye."

"Who do you think you're talking to?"

The thick voice gave a name and address and phone number. "Ain't that the right number?" the thick voice concluded.

The man replied, "For a few minutes it is. This happens to be the Chief of Police."

• • •

A couple of Montrealers were watching a skywriter spell out an advertising message over the city. One of them said he wished he could get a job with that skywriting company.

"Why, what's your trade?" asked his friend.

"Proofreader," he said.

As an overburdened woman stepped down from the passenger train at Sylvan Lake, Alta., two eggs slithered out of a paper bag and crashed to the platform. As she shuttled her grasp, two more eggs escaped from the bag and smashed. With one horrified look at the mess,



she dropped the whole bag on top of the four smashed eggs and walked away without a backward look.

• • •

A salesman who calls regularly at homes in Bridgewater, N.S., has been complaining of loneliness to one housewife. He lost his wife some years ago and this customer has taken an interest in him. Indeed she suggested that he marry again and described to him a fine middle-aged nurse who, she felt sure, was looking for a mate.

The salesman was interested but when he heard the details about what she looked like and where she lived he shook his head. "Won't do. I'm afraid," he said sadly, "that's my sister."

• • •

The clerk answered the telephone at the Victoria, B.C., city hall with his usual, "Victoria City Hall." There was silence. He repeated it and added, "Who is it you want to speak to?"

A quiet woman's voice said apologetically, "No one, I guess. This was a number I found in my husband's pocket."

• • •

A Kitchener motorist touring eastern Ontario was so annoyed by the discourteous and dangerous driving of the car ahead that he stopped at the next telephone and called the police to report the offender. Ten miles farther along the highway a police car urged him over to the side of the road and the officer began accusing him of that very offense.

The motorist then learned that he had given the police his own license number.

Parade pays $5 to $10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



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about three hundred dollars. Ogilvie knows a Toronto girl who recently paid thirteen hundred for a second hand one.

To offset rising costs boat designers are utilizing new methods and such new materials as fiberglas, rubberized fabrics and aluminum and are turning out smaller and less expensive boat designs. Dinky little boats like the fifteen-and-a-half foot Snipe which, twenty-five years ago would have sent yachtsmen into hysterics are today completely accepted by the saltiest sailor and are becoming more and more popular in the clubs.

Yachting used to be a rich man's hobby," says Ogilvie. "Now it is accessible to anyman of average means."

The same trend has taken place in powerboats. One of the biggest things in recent years is the kit boat, which the buyer assembles himself. Even a thirty-one-foot yacht, with accommodation for four, can now be built at home.

Ogilvie, who is distributor for Chris Craft, the biggest kit producer, handles one cruiser type outboard with galley facilities and sleeping accommodation for two which sells for $786. It has a motor.

"A man saves about fifty percent by assembling his own boat," he maintains.

The best idea for a man of average means who thinks he'd like to start in boating, Ogilvie says, is to pick up a used boat and try it for a while. A cruiser between twenty and thirty feet is about right and costs around three to five thousand dollars. Ogilvie right now has a twenty night-foot cruising sleep with accommodation for three that can be bought for twenty-four hundred dollars. He has a twenty-five foot power cruiser that will sleep three or four for thirty-five hundred.

It Started in the Arctic

Ogilvie, a handsome man who would pass for forty-three- surprises people by talking of the war and running the one with the Battle of Passchendaele in which he fought at seventeen. He was born in 1899 in Lakefield, Ont., north of Peterborough, the location of the Lakefield Canoe Co., the oldest canoe factory in the world. After the war he wandered restlessly from job to job, trying to settle down. He spent one summer in Algonquin Park as a guide. One day in a race against Indians and other guides at the Highland Inn Regatta he placed second.

He finally landed in the yacht business through joining a syndicate organized to stake out oil land in the Northwest Territories. He took to Fort Norman, inside the Arctic Circle, a new type of boat with a propeller that with draw fan in housing. The project was a failure but back in Toronto Ogilvie joined the sales staff of the Disappearing Propeller Corporation. He ended up general manager of the company.

Later, after organizing his own short-lived boat company, he had so many requests for large boats that he decided to go into the yacht brokerage business.

Ogilvie, who has handled the buying and selling of scores of high priced yachts and luxury cruisers, does his own yachting in a small runabout at his summer cottage in Muskoka. But he often cruises around in it with his thoughts on a yacht moored hundreds of miles away and worth a sizeable fortune if he can sell it.

Until recently Ogilvie didn't even belong to a yacht club because he doesn't believe in mixing business that way. A few months ago, however, he joined the Royal Canadian Yacht Club. "I began to feel a bit self conscious," he explains, "about selling so much merchandise off their property." ★

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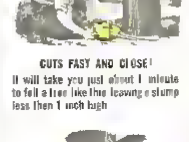


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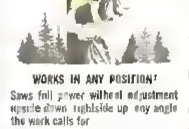
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The Island That's Too Good to be True

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

Wheeler who escaped from Maine to Grand Manan in a dory learning with him the tools of his trade Wheeler hid out in a primitive log shelter used in stead of rusting grub he continued until hunger killed him to meet Mexican dollers he couldn't spend

"That," says Russell solemnly "was at Seal Cove. Imagine a man starving at Seal Cove!"

It was at Deep Cove, not far from Seal Cove, that Charles Wilcox built the Fxtle a brigantine of one hundred and twelve tons With Nalen Card as master and William Wilcox a son of Charles as mate the vessel was in the coastal trade In 1848 it was caught in a gale that drove it halfway across the Atlantic The only chance of survival was to head for Ireland with the prevailing wind That's what Card and Wilcox did In Ireland, Wilcox sold his father's ship and married a pretty colleen Eighteen months later, long after he'd been given up as lost and a memorial service had been held for him he returned to Deep Cove with his bride. 'What a celebration there was then,' says Russell

When George Russell isn't busy packing herring he amuses himself by running down odd and intriguing scraps of information Grand Manan which once had no toads, frogs, rabbits, raccoons, muskrats or deer now has plenty and Russell set himself the task of finding out how they got there

He learned eventually that Walter McLaughlin a fisherman who hated mosquitoes, brought toads to Grand Manan in 1864 in the hope that they would exterminate the insects. Twenty years later the same man—with the same vain hope—imported frogs from the mainland John Wilcox a fisherman who liked hunting, introduced deer in 1845 Russell still hasn't discovered who brought in the raccoons and muskrats but William Greee brought in the first rabbits as food for his eagles.

William Greee and his brother Louis who both lived until the 1920's, were Grand Manee's famous hermits—perhaps the most cheerful and sociable recluses on record Beehelors, they dressed in outlandish costumes, let their hair grow long and gladly professed to be able to commune with the spirits. They had a "magic" box containing carved wooden figures representing Grand Menee's early settlers Flashlight bulbs provided the illumination and prophecies through which the figures were viewed had lenses of magnifying glass. The Greens enjoyed pulling eer shew for vesitationists and they had a perfect setting—a cabin at Dark Herbor as eerie and lovely a spot as there is on earth on the heavily forested and unpopulated western shem reached only by a narrow road that wandeuleeg the edge of a precipice thee dips down through a cleft to a broad stony beach.

William Greee liked to watch the eagles that eest on this rugged channel bonsted thel whee he was alone they would perch on his shoulders.

Louis and William Grees supperted themselves by picking dulse This red edible seaweed which looks like red cabbage has a pequeet salty flavor and is eatee raw It is sold in thousands of delicatessen and confectionery stores in Canada and the United States and three-quarters of the supply is from Dark Harbor It grows in profusion June to October but it's deep under the water On only a few days each month does the tide recede far enough to expose it. On these days pickers flock over the rough trail to Dark Harbor and camp out Twice each twenty four hours al low tide they gather dulse frantically for a short period At night they wear lamps on their caps like miners. At current prices the average man can pack forty dollars worth n day and experts have picked as much as eighty dollers worth

Like William Green they delight in the spectacle of Dark Herbor's eagles wheeling in the blue sky far most Grned Manan natives are ardent bird watchers John James Audubon the celebrated naturalist, may have been responsible for this. He created quite a stir when he stayed at Grand Manan in the 1830's to study and paint seafowl

Allan Moses, who died within the last year, heard about Audubon at his mother's knee From boyhood on Moses collected specimens of Grand Manan birds and mounted them with marvelous skill and as a young man he opened a museum in a wooden shed, the doorway of which was the jawbone of a giant whale It was soon one of the island's institutions

On a summer day in 1913 Moses' closest friend Ernest Joy, was out for a sail Off the southern tip of Grand Manan he saw a yellow nosed albatross, largest of all seabirds and brought it down with his gun because he knew Moses would prize it highly When he pulled the trigger he launched a fascinating chain of events

Moses stuffed the albatross then wrote wildlife authorities in the United States to ask whether such a bird had ever wandered so far north It developed that the normal habitat of this particular kind of albatross was south of the equator U S ornithologists were amazed that it had strayed to Grand Manan and pleaded with Moses to sell it to the American Museum of Natural History at New York

He replied that he had his own museum—the Grand Manan Museum of Natural History He suggested a compromise He had been longing for years to accompany a scientific expedition as its taxidermist The American Museum sponsored such expeditions. Why couldn't he exchange the albatross for a trip?

The deal was made Moses went to Africa with a party headed by J Sterling Rockefeller a relative of John D in search of a green broadtail supposedly the rarest bird in the world It was Moses who shot the only broadtail sighted That night as he stared moodily into the flames of a campfire Rockefeller asked him why he looked unhappy "Why the hell shouldn't I be unhappy," said Moses. "Fellows like you spend a couple of hundred thousand dollars on a junket like this to get one little bird that will sit in a glass case for the rest of time. But you wouldn't do a damn thing to save the beautiful eider ducks of the Bay of Fundy from extinction."

"What could I do?"

"Well," Moses said, "you could buy their principal breeding ground, Kent Island and protect them."

"Well," said Rockefeller "I will

Rockefeller bought Kent Island—one hundred and fifty acres of rock, sand and forest, four miles southeast of Grand Manan. Ernest Joy was offered the post of guardian and accepted it—although he was fully aware of "The Kent Island Curse"

The Raven Drank the Rainfall

John Kent, the original settler of Kent Island had a wife reputed to be a witch She was said to have once lured a ship on the reefs and later to have sworn that after her death nobody would ever live on Kent Island Nobody did for a century and a half until Joy arrived Joy remained until he died in 1952, living by himself with fifty thousand herring gulls—the biggest colony in North America—ten thousand storm petrels a flock of eider ducks which increased in numbers from a few hundred to five thousand in a decade and thousands of other birds.

Rockefeller later deeded Kent Island to Maine's Bowdoin College which established a scientific station there for ornithologists and Joy had trouble with his tame raven, "Croakie" The raven couldn't be cured of a habit of using an evaporation recorder for a drinking trough thereby playing havoc with meteorological research.

Today, as in Audubon's day—he recorded this in his journal—Kent Island's gulls darken the treetops with their massed wught. In the nesting season it's difficult to walk over the beach without trampling on their sand colored eggs

These eggs not unlike hen eggs in flavor and larger in size are Grand Manan's favorite breakfast, served hardboiled. They have deep orange-red yolks which tinge cake with pink and are prized for baking Grand Manan's egg consumption doesn't reduce the gull population A gull lays three eggs and if these are stolen she lays three more If the second three are stolen she lays another three These are the last. In any case when an egg hunter finds three eggs in a nest they are not touched because they are likely to be old If a nest has one or two eggs they are taken because the gull has just begun laying and the eggs are sure to be fresh

Gull-egging leads the islanders to isolated reefs and ledges where they meet the clowns of the bird world, puffins and small auks Puffins—or sea parrots, have short wings and gaudy hued grotesque beaks. They fly erratically and utter funny sounds obviously doing their best to show off. The auks, half-pint cousins of penguins waddle around looking like fat midgets in dress suits.

The nesting grounds of the gulls can only be reached by water and the boats are often trailed by coarse-haired seals and porpoises which continually surface dive and surface again They look as though they are having fun and would like to join the party

Bobbing all around in the rolling sea are thousands of brightly painted buoys each tethered to a lobster pot eed gull eggsre hael up enough lobsters for lunch They cook them with gull eggs in a bucket over a bonfire in salt water Garnished with chopped gull eggs and butter they taste better than any lobsters ever tasted at a staggering price par plate in any city restaurant

The consumption of crustaceans on Grand Manan is enormous yet there are still a million or more left over to ship to other parts of Canada and the United States. Alive packed with ice and seaweed, they go as far away as Hollywood Grand Manan has nine pounds—shallow salt water enclosures—where lobsters fresh from the depths are kept a couple of weeks to condition themselves to the change in pressure before they travel to distant destinations

Lobsters are the island's second industry The first is herring On Grand Manan and on the islets of Long Nantucket High Deck, Big Duck, Ross Cheney, White Head, Wood Outer Wood, Hay and Kent, there are at least a hundred weirs Like shags, those have names—such curious names as Joggam Oatmeal Prescriptun Mystery Teaser, Gold King

Each covers up to two acres of water and consists of stakes driven into the sed of the ocean to form a circle to which a net is attached The stakes are from twenty five to sixty feet long, depending on the depth and are pounded six or seven feet into the bottom by sturdy muscular shameterslike Vernon Johnson Fishermen themselves can fasten the net to the head of the stakes but it takes a deep-sea diver like Sheldon Green who knows the floor of this part of Fundy almost as well as he knows his right hand to do the job at the base as far as forty feet under the surface

Green and his fellow divers have one fear—catfish An Atlantic catfish, three or four feet from snout to tail, has jaws that will clip an airgupe as fast as a guillotine clips a neck A severed air pipe means death as when the dark shape of a catfish passes the diver signals that he wants to come up—quickly

A weir works on the same principle as a minnow trap The fish bemble into a funnel and won't find their way out While one weir represents an initial outlay of seven or eight thousand dollars and the annual cost of upkeep is two to four thousand dollers, it will setch eighty-four thousand herring worth about seven hundred dollars in a good average day when the fish are running The rub is that they don't run too many days in the year

In spite of this the lucker fishermen of Grand Menan heve had fal meomes in recent times Five men who pooled their resources to buy one weir split ninety thousand dollars in two years.

The best of Grand Manan a herring go to its three hundred smokehouses—there's one for every ten people in the entire population When these are all



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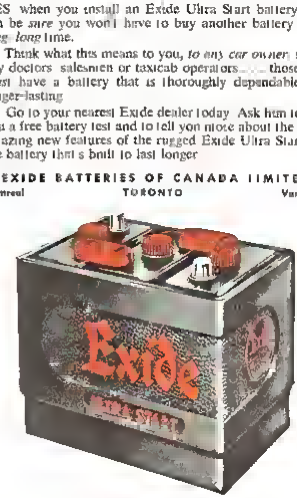
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operating the villages are wreathed in so much smoke that they look from the distance as though they are burning. Ashton Linton is one of the experts who work in dim sprawling sheds where millions of herring dripping grease and turning golden brown, hang above smouldering fires of salt-water driftwood and upland hardwood—the combination that gives them the choicest flavor. A wiry man with a leathery complexion, who exudes a fragrant odor of smoke, Linton has been a smoke tender for forty-four years. He can process a bony herring into an epicurean delight—or into a leathery piece of nourishment that won't rot in the tropics. He is governed by where the market is—whether a swank U. S. hotel wants a breakfast specialty or whether the market is in the West Indies, South America or Africa.

Herring too small to be smoked are tinned as sardines. In one of Grand Manan's three canneries or in the canneries on the mainland of New Brunswick and Maine. Herring which are of inferior quality because they have gorged themselves with a microscopic variety of shrimp until they are discolored go to a plant in Maine to be chopped up, mixed with other ingredients, and retailed as a perfectly balanced diet—for cats.

The third industry of the island—after herring and after lobsters—is tourists. For five or six dollars a day a dozen summer inns offer passable rooms and better-than-average meals. Guests can swim in Fundy's icy brine or in fresh water ponds. On trails marked by blotches of paint on the trees they walk until their feet give out and see such sights as the Bishop, a pinnacle of rock that looks like a human figure in clerical robes and mitre; the Hole in the Wall, a wave-carved hole in a cliff; and the Seven Days' Work, which is seven curious layers of volcanic lava, one piled on the other.

They fish from the wharves. From Swallow Tail they watch whales chase herrings.

The welcome tourists and the occasional naturalist are the only "foreigners" likely ever to invade Grand Menan. The natives have known for well over a hundred years that there was nothing on the island to attract acquisitive merchanders. In 1838 Dr. Abraham Gesner, New Brunswick's government geologist—who afterward gained fortune and fame by developing and patenting kerosene—surveyed Grand Manan and reported "no valuable minerals."

Nobody on the island was unduly disappointed. The people knew that if the land held nothing the sea around them held enough wealth for all. To-day the people still know this. Scores of Grand Menan youngsters who joined the armed forces and saw the world during the war insisted on a few changes when they came back. They wanted the highway which connects the villages hard-surfaced. It was. They wanted the boats equipped with ship-to-shore telephones and with electronic sounding devices capable of locating schools of fish. This was done too.

But the important fact was that these youngsters who had seen the world and had been given the opportunity to settle down "ashore," nearly all returned to their native island. Many of them bringing brides. Talk with them now and they explain that they found the world big and exciting but realized that there's no place like Grand Manan... the island with no poverty, no illiteracy, no shacks, no crime, where the sea is as bountiful and the scenery as as beautiful and the whippoorwills sing in the evening. ★

Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

local Conservative splinter group.

On the national scene we are left with the Conservatives, as always—the only political organization other than the ruling Grits which has proven vitality.

THAT VITALITY has really been remarkable. All through its sojourn in the wilderness and despite the rise of a whole new generation which by now must dominate the electorate, the Conservative Party has shown the same hard core of indefatigable supporters. From 1935 to 1953 nearly one third of Canadian voters have remained loyal and steadfast Conservatives.

These hardy souls have survived without visible nourishment. There have been no great issues except those during the war which split the Liberals but did the Conservatives no good. There has been no Conservative program which differed in any readily recognizable way from what the Grits were doing already.

Moreover, no sensible Conservative was able to comfort himself with the illusion of imminent victory. It has been all too evident, on each election eve, that the Liberals were going back in. Had any large number of Tories been willing to bet on the last five elections the party would be even harder up than it is now.

In a word things couldn't possibly be worse for the Conservatives than they have been. They are evidently entitled to rely no matter what happens on the support of about thirty percent of all Canadian electors. The Liberals have twice swept the country and rolled up huge majorities with about half the popular vote. If the Conservatives can transfer only twenty percent of the electorate from the Liberal column to their own, they re in

IN HOLDING that crucial twenty percent the Liberals have had a spectacular run of luck. They have had eighteen years of uninterrupted prosperity (counting the slow but sure start between 1935 and 1939). They have had the problems but also the kudos of a successful war in which Canada suffered no damage or even inconvenience at home. They have had a rare combination of leadership—first Mackenzie King, the most astute Canadian statesman since John A. Macdonald if not of all time; then Louis St. Laurent, the most popular and even beloved public figure we have ever had in office.

There is a strong probability that all these advantages are going to vanish at once during the term of the Parliament just elected. If the boom does come to a close and if Uncle Louis does retire, the Liberals will suddenly find themselves in very poor shape.

A great deal is said about the successor to Louis S. St. Laurent as Prime Minister—will it be Abbott or Pearson, or Walter Harris or who? Hardly anyone ever brings up a much more serious Liberal problem.

Who is to follow St. Laurent as federal Liberal leader in Quebec?

At the moment there isn't anybody. Bobby Lapointe, Minister of Veterans Affairs and son of the great Ernest Lapointe, is popular but too easy going for the rigors of leadership. The other young men like Jean Lesage and René Beaudoin are as jealous of each other that none can surmount the others' hostility. A dark horse is Alcide Côté, Postmaster General, an extremely personable man of his early





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fifties who might yet emerge as the heir apparent in Quebec—but he has not done it so far and the hour is growing late.

And without a commanding leader among French-Canadians the Liberals might lose the very heart and soul and spine of their political strength. The great reliable bloc of sixty-five or seventy Liberal seats, between the Ottawa River and the Baie de Chaleur will again be a fighting ground.

IT IS TRUE of course that the Conservatives haven't an outstanding Quebec leader either. But they have or could have in 1957 something which the Quebec Liberals have not had for nine years. A strong provincial organization which could be put to work in the federal field.

Maurice Duplessis has been no help to the Progressive Conservatives in the last three elections but he is a Conservative by heritage and training. Having no wish to be associated with defeat and having the good sense to see that the Conservatives were getting nowhere between 1945 and 1953 he has kept his provincial machine very largely inactive. In part in fact it is made up of men who are Liberals federally and support St. Laurent.

But given a change of political and economic climate, given a real fighting chance for the federal Tories, and Premier Duplessis' attitude might be quite different.

Moreover, Quebec Conservatives have their full share of that amazing vitality the party has shown. Despite their small effect in seats actually carried thirty percent of Quebec voters cast Conservative ballots in August. That is only six percentage point below the party's national average, and a very satisfactory foundation on which to build—should a building season open.

One other possibility might have a radical effect on Conservative fortunes and that is the retirement of Premier Duplessis himself. Ever since the war the Conservatives have been caught in an unbreakable dilemma. If they try to win support in Quebec they are accused quite rightly, of seeking an alliance with Duplessis. Since Duplessis lends the only possible nucleus of a Quebec Conservative Party that is inevitable. But Duplessis is personally unpopular among English Canadians, he represents in their eyes everything they dislike about the French and the Roman Catholics (whereas St. Laurent represents everything they like about these two categories). So long as Duplessis is in office Conservatives cannot make headway in Quebec without losing ground (and so far they have lost a great deal more ground) in the other provinces.

But this dislike on the part of the English-speaking is directed against Duplessis in person. If he were out of the way there would be no great obstacle to an open alliance between the Conservatives and the Union Nationale. Duplessis is getting well on in his sixties, and his health has not been very good lately.

SPEAKING of leadership, though brings up the Conservatives greatest problem of the immediate future. What if anything should they do about George Drew?

If the party follows its recent folkways Drew will soon be dangling from the same yardarm on which Bennett, Manion and Bracken paid the price of failure on the hustings. Indeed Conservatives quite openly predicted when the campaign began that if Drew got less than ninety seats he would lose his job.

But if they take time for reflection, in the aftermath of defeat, they may come to the conclusion that they have nobody available to replace him who is likely to do much better.

George Drew's likeliest successor, by far, would be John Diefenbaker of Saskatchewan. There is no question that Diefenbaker is a considerable political force on the prairies. Ever since 1940 he has been the one Conservative returned from Saskatchewan and he has just demonstrated that he can perform this feat in more than one riding. He is the party's best debater and parliamentary shock trooper.

There is no solid evidence to indicate though, that Diefenbaker would rally mass support for the Conservative Party in the East. He has twice been a candidate for Conservative leadership, both times the eastern delegates and perhaps some western delegates too, have decided against him. In Quebec he would labor under somewhat the same disabilities as George Drew does with the added disadvantage of not being as well known.

Also since the great test of a politician is his ability to be elected. The Conservative MPs are a deservedly powerful voice in the party's councils. So far Diefenbaker has not had wide spread support among the parliamentary group. Their minds may be changed by another defeat, but up to election day there was no doubt of their preference for Drew.

There is of course no doubt in anybody's mind that George Drew lacks the popular appeal of Louis St. Laurent—but so does every other Conservative and, for that matter, every other Liberal. Nobody can beat St. Laurent, but St. Laurent will quite probably not be there in 1957. The question is, what Conservative has any better chance than George Drew of beating Mike Pearson, Doug Abbott, Walter Harris or whoever else carries the Liberal Convention?

The answer isn't clear at present.



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WHO FAILED THE 27TH?

I have just finished Lionel Shapiro's article on the bad behavior and low morale of the unit that makes up the 27th Brigade in Germany (Aug. 15). If you were ever in uniform you must know that there were persons for the times your morale was low and your behavior not always excellent. There is good and bad in all walks of life. This also includes writers. Let us not forget that the army does not pick its men for lack of education nor does it pick them because they are so smart that they are next door to being a genius. And let us not forget those men who gave their lives so willingly not because they were so educated but because they loved the country they were fighting for. How in the world do you expect those men to have faith and respect for themselves when their padres and officers have no faith and respect in their ability to act and think like men? My husband is serving with the 27th Brigade in Germany and I am very proud of him.—Mrs. K. Hollywood, Camp Petawawa, Ont.

● Many thanks for Shapiro's article. Now I suppose some misguided government might bring in conscription like all the other NATO countries. Why do we need a force in Europe? Why can't we go on being protected by the U.K. and the U.S. as before?—D. Spindry, Toronto.

● Three cheers to Lionel Shapiro. His time would be well spent in making a like examination of the RCAF at home and abroad.—Hugh J. O'Donnell, Comox, B.C.

● You should be very ashamed of yourselves. My son and quite a few of his chums are in the 27th Brigade. Maybe things are of a low standard in the army. But if so why blame the boys, the leaders are as much at fault as they are. Seems to me someone is trying to pass the buck.—Anne Dodds, Vancouver.

● It must have taken a great deal of nerve for Lionel Shapiro to write "the failure of the Canadian brigade," and a little nerve on your own to publish it. If this story is true—and I have no reason to doubt it—when in heaven's name is Ottawa going to give Canada and her army a break. Our system of obtaining recruits in wartime or peacetime is nothing but a joke and so help me I cannot understand why. If it causes a break in our country (quote the late Mr. King) better it come now than during a war. I bet a brass hatted chair driver system would go over with eighty percent of our population including Quebec.—H. Miller, Lt.-Col. (Retired), London, Ont.

● Mr. Shapiro has done a service to his country in taking another peek at our national skeleton in the closet of conscription. It is a deep dark closet. We need to walk into it and look around carefully before we decide to keep our national values in it.

Canadians have never adjusted easily to long periods of relative inactivity or to the lack of immediate purpose in their work. English officers who served in the 1914-1918 war have told me with admiration of almost incredible escapades of those damned local Canadians during long periods of inactivity in the trenches.

If we must keep our boys in Germany and it seems that we may have to for perhaps ten or fifteen years, couldn't we let them rebuild a German city in their spare time?—W. T. Andrews, Ottawa.

No Guns for the Germans

Bruce Hutchison's article asks 'Should we give guns to the Germans?' (Aug. 15). Certainly not!

The ex-Nazis are on the march again. The mass of the German nation was behind their horrible deeds and they will do it again if given the chance. As Sir Winston Churchill said, the German is either at your throat or at your feet. Keep him in the latter position. The weapons which the Allies would supply would be turned against them at the very moment when they were required to meet the menace of the East.—A. Odell, Edmonton.

The Quick and the Dead

Will your people kindly make up your minds? Do you want Canadians to live safely or dangerously? *Inside* your July 15 issue is an excellent article on how to stay alive; *on the cover* you apparently condone the exact opposite when you show a handful of brash



youngsters courting death from an oncoming train. I am glad my children are too young to be influenced by such a poor choice of cover. Other people's children are not so young.—Mrs. J. Leigh, Capreol, Ont.

The Ideal Canadian Car

In reply to Professor Allcut's letter re cars built for Canadian conditions (Mailbag, Aug. 15) it is obvious he believes that cars suitable to Canadian conditions must be radically different from their American counterparts. Basically an American car is quite suitable for Canadian highways. It is only in trimmings that the present car proves inadequate. Sample items:

A gas dilution system to thin crankcase oil for winter; a 12-volt ignition system for easier winter startings; fender skirts eliminated to obviate mud and ice plugged driving wheels; all parts presently hanging below the frame (oil pan, exhaust etc.) should be raised to within the frame's protection.

In short, why can't we have less chrome and more car. Instead of costing more, these items could probably be included at a net saving.—Brian J. Wallace, Spirit River, Alta.

The 'Revolt' of the Army

I agree with Hugh Clark (Mailbag, July 1) when he stated that Bruce Hutchison's Revolt of the Army tries to make a mystery out of no mystery at all. Sure Quebec delegates made King leader of the Liberal Party and they would naturally stand by him. Mr. Clark announced the provinces voted for conscription except one. He didn't mention which one, but I will without fear the Liberal province of Quebec. ... You and a lot of other magazines are covering up for governments and big business and rackets.—Prescott Parker, Rhodale, N.S.

Dempsey Met His Match

I found it refreshing to read Bob Collins' article on the early days of broadcasting in Canada (Aug. 15). About the picture of Jack Dempsey at the mike: Tex Duggan did not interview Jack. I introduced him, standing him well back because I thought he



would have a powerful voice and excessive volume played havoc with the transmitting equipment. When he spoke his voice was so high pitched, due to nervousness, that I found it necessary to move him closer to the horn. At the end of his talk he turned to me and said "Gee! I'd rather fight ten fights!"—D. R. F. Coats, St. Vital, Man.

Aberhart's Influence

In reply to Rhone Aberhart Cooper (Mailbag, July 15), one would hardly expect Aberhart's daughter to do any thing else but support her father. The fact remains that Barbara Moon's article (March 15) is about as factual as it could be.—Frank H. Partridge, Victoria.

Baxter's Friends and Foes

I was pleased to note that so many readers had taken up the cudgels in defense of Beverley Baxter and against the ridiculous which have been leveled at his instructive and educating writings. In my opinion, Maclean's would not be Maclean's without the London Letter. It is under the best apple trees the most sticks are found.—Miss M. DeCourcey, London, Ont.

● Baxter states that "there is a weekly deduction from every worker's wage packet which goes to help the Labour Party" and that "a man's wage packet should be inviolate."

I have been working for the past fifteen years, and I can assure you that wage packets are inviolate. No deductions either than income tax and insurance may be made without the wage earner's permission.—Miss B. D. Anderson, British Occupation Army, Germany.

● Mr. Beverley Baxter is my brother-in-law and my daughter is very interested in his articles.—Mrs. G. D. Marshall, Vancouver.

● Baxter belongs back in the time of buttoned boots and bustles.—Wm. S. Cedber, Toronto. ★

Who Will Win the Pipeline Stakes?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

was better off to sell it or keep it.

McMahon, Milner and Dixon each nursed their openers and placed their bets. Each lined up backing among the big eastern bond houses. Each hired top-flight geologists to survey gas reserves, engineers to survey their routes, economists to survey the market for gas, lawyers to weave these findings into an airtight argument.

McMahon, the Peace River oilman, told the Royal Commission his West-coast Transmission Company was prepared to spend a hundred million (revised upward later) on an eight-hundred-mile pipeline from Peace River to Vancouver, then down to Seattle and Portland. His main argument had a political twist: a Peace River pipeline would develop northern Alberta at no expense to Calgary and Edmonton which were already getting cheap local gas.

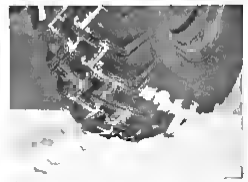
Fenton Dixon, the dynamic New York engineer, enlisted and raised Alberta's biggest gas field was Pinther Creek in the south. Dixon's company—Northwest Natural Gas—would take Pincher Creek gas to Spokane, Seattle and Vancouver.

Dixon was betting that his southern gas supply was closer to the consumer market and more plentiful than McMahon's northern supply. His route was easier and less costly. He could therefore give consumers lower rates and Alberta's oil companies higher prices. His argument carried weight

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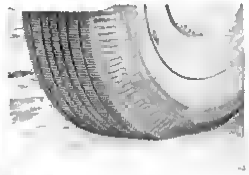
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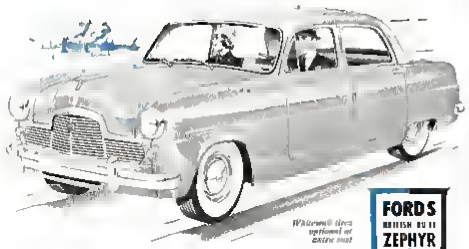
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especially since Alberta owns ninety-three percent of its oil and gas rights, and Manning's policy on leases makes the province a fifty-fifty partner in the oil business.

Ray Milner, Edmonton's wealthy lawyer-businessman, held a curious hand. He didn't want to see his two Alberta gas companies bidding against a pipeline company for a barely-adequate supply of gas. But if he wanted to own a pipeline he had to show that Alberta had surplus gas.

Milner's argument turned what at first appeared to be a weak hand into a strong one. "There wasn't enough gas," he declared, for large scale export. If demand were allowed to outstrip supply it might push Alberta's gas rates up.

There *was* enough gas, however, his argument ran on, for his company—Western Pipelines—to lay a short seven-hundred-and-ten mile line along the CPR tracks to Winnipeg. It would cost only forty-nine million and would serve four hundred and ninety thousand "prairie neighbors." Any surplus could be sold through a branch line to St. Paul and Minneapolis.

Not only did the players oppose each other; they had powerful adversaries on the sidelines. The Western Canada Coal Operators' Association claimed a pipeline would replace the equivalent of seventy-five carloads of coal every day. Some two thousand miners would be thrown out of work. Canadian railways would lose across seven million dollars a year in freight. A Montreal chemical engineer named J. R. Donald testified: "If exported gas is available in large quantities south of the border, the U. S. chemical industry won't come here."

Statements like these made Alberta citizens apprehensive. The town council of High River passed a resolution opposing export. "Only a small portion (actually forty percent) of the province is served with natural gas," they wrote, "and many farms, villages and towns are without its use." Edmonton's Chamber of Commerce asked that export of gas be deferred for five years.

The Tycoons Turned Shy

Milner's ominous warning on gas rates was the most alarming point of all. In most Alberta towns with more than three hundred people, home owners cook, heat their water, house and garage with gas for an average $67.50 a year. Albertans have one of the smallest fuel bills on the continent and they want them to stay that way.

The situation was charged with political dynamite and Manning took no chances with it. His Royal Commission cautiously recommended export "in principle." He put through a bill requiring all pipeline plans to be passed by Alberta's Petroleum and Natural Gas Conservation Board. Under, he said, no gas would go out of the province till Alberta had enough to last thirty years.

The anti-export propaganda kept snowballing, and the oil companies did little to counter it. Most of them were American owned, uneasily reminded that they were in a foreign country by occasional anti-American editorials in the Alberta papers. The companies leaned backward to avoid any appearance of putting pressure on the Government. Their only counter was exploration.

All through 1949 and 1950 their portable drilling derricks lumbered across the plains. Drilling for oil in 1949, they made twenty-three separate natural gas discoveries, and almost doubled that in 1950. "We stumbled on to these," said an oilman. "Wait till we really start looking for gas!"

By 1950 news of the game had reached down into Texas and now the last two players dragged up chairs and dealt themselves in.

The first, Ray Fish, is a handsome flamboyant promoter from Houston, a builder on the great new Texas-New York gas line.

Fish and his right-hand man, R. R. Herring, told the Alberta Conservation Board they would build a line from Texas to Vancouver, and down from Fincher Creek to Spokane, linking the west in a vast international network. On paper it looked good. And Fish was said to have influence in Washington: this would be helpful if permission to export gas into the U. S. became a factor.

The second Texan, Clint Murchison, is a short, thick-set, shy, homely man. He didn't seem very impressive walking in his shirt sleeves into the office of Nathan Tanner, Alberta's Minister of Mines. But Tanner wasn't deceived. Down in Dallas, Texas, where they aren't easily impressed, Murchison is fast becoming a legend. A long career of intrigue, daring, highly imaginative business coups has made him immensely wealthy. Starting as a small-town trader in horses and cattle, he made his first five million in Texas' rough-and-tumble oil and gas boom. He branched into banking, utilities, chemicals, newspapers, railways, and now owns a personal empire of more than one hundred companies.

Murchison was proposing the world's longest pipeline—it would run 2,240 miles along the CPR's main line, cut through a thousand miles of rock and muskeg north of the Great Lakes, swing south to Toronto and on to Montreal and Ottawa.

The following September flamboyant Ray Fish made his next move. He flew to Washington, then Toronto, to talk to Ontario's Premier Leslie Frost. When he returned to Calgary Fish proposed an exchange deal with the U. S. If Alberta would let Fincher Creek gas go south to the U. S., Fish would have U. S. gas in Ontario and Quebec within a year—by extending the present Texas-Detroit gas line.

To some it looked like a grandstand play, but actually many top level oil men favor north-south boundary ignoring pipelines as the best and cheapest way to serve the continent.

Premier Frost had reason to be cautious of an exchange deal. Once before Ontario had agreed to buy Texas gas. Washington had broken the contract in 1945 when U. S. communities along the Texas Buffalo route complained they needed the surplus gas themselves. It had thrown twenty thousand men out of work in Ontario.

Now, however, Frost wanted Manning to move as soon as possible. He sent his fuel controller, A. R. Crosser, out to Calgary to testify that Ontario's need was vital.

The hearings dragged into 1952, inexorably carrying Premier Manning



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toward a choice among the quintet of big time pipeline gamblers.

To make Premier Manning's decision more difficult Alberta's elections were set for August 1952. Harper Prouse the Liberal leader made gas a political issue. Farmers were told that if they exported gas to outside industries these industries would have no reason to come to Alberta. "Before we allow export," the politicians thundered, "every Alberta hamlet must be served first!"

About the only public figure who dared to champion gas export without reservation was publisher Carl Nichle, the young Tory MP for Calgary West. In his Daily Oil Bulletin, the Bible of the industry, and his column on oil in the Calgary Herald, Nickle pointed out the following facts:

First it was silly to talk about saving gas till every Albertan had it. For twenty years the little town of Vulcan had sat thirty miles from a gas field but didn't have natural gas. There were farms within one mile of a natural gas line, yet the farmer couldn't afford to tap it. Why? Because even a small-diameter pipe cost seven thousand dollars a mile. The size of the market determines how far gas can be piped.

Next, it was silly to talk about keeping gas from going to outside industries. Gas is only really cheap beside a gas field. Every thousand miles roughly triples the cost. Any industry where fuel is an important cost would still have to come to Alberta for cheap fuel.

Finally, most natural gas is "wet" gas. Besides methane the part we burn, it contains butane, the raw material for rubber, nylon, alcohol and plastics, ethane, used for making the popular plastic polythene, natural gasoline, scarce sulphur and propane or "bottled gas."

Before the dry gas can be exported across country, these byproducts have to come out. If Gulf Oil, for example, had an export market for its Fiecher Creek gas it would build three petrochemical plants costing twenty million dollars. Over thirty years, these plants would turn out gas and byproducts valued today at more than half a billion dollars. Far from stifling industry, Nickle concluded, export would boost it.

The view of political pundits in Alberta was that Manning favored export personally but was too smart to take a chance with an issue as politically volatile as gas. Four months before elections his Conservation Board recommended that central and southern gas fields be held in reserve (Fiecher Creek until 1968). Manning agreed by declaring that Alberta's only surplus gas was in Peace River, and he gave an expert permit to Frank McMahon. The Alberta oilmen had won the first big pot.

To the first flush of disappointment, his rivals issued bitter statements to the press. But no one felt man injured then Gulf Oil Gulf's Fiecher Creek wells were costing a million dollars each to drill. Papers all over Canada carried Gulf's criticism of Manning's cautious gas policies. Gulf threatened to abandon its plans to spend three hundred and sixty five million dollars in Alberta over the next ten years.

Premier Manning and Mines Minister Tanner hastened to answer the criticisms and placate the oil companies. Their first duty, they said was to safeguard Alberta consumers, but that didn't mean that southern gas-field owners wouldn't be allowed to export eventually—long before 1968.

Oil stocks had bounced upward at Manning's first announcement for it looked like the long-awaited start of profitable gas export. But stocks settled back as the oilmen took a closer look at Peace River. McMahon had only three hundred billion cubic feet of gas, a trifling three years' supply. It looked as though Manning had merely made a neat political gesture. McMahon a permit didn't settle a thing. Gas export seemed as far away as ever.

This was the view of Henry Gellert, president of the big Seattle Gas Company, a "muel market" for any pipeline west. He poleted out that it took big money to change over from manufactured to natural gas. It meant new equipment for the company and new or converted appliances for the customer. That huge investment made no sense at all, Gellert said, unless he could count on twenty years' supply of gas at least.

Ray Fish, the aggressive Texas promoter, pounced on this opportunity. He dropped his plan to pipe Pincher Creek gas to the U. S. west coast and laid a new scheme before the FPC in Washington—to bring New Mexico gas to Seattle. If FPC granted Fish's plans, it would kill McMahon's pipeline. Peace River and British Columbia would both be left high and dry. Alone the B. C. market couldn't possibly pay for a hundred-million-dollar pipeline to Vancouver.

Frank McMahon was on the spot. He had to have a permit from Canada's Transport Board and the U. S. Federal Power Commission. FPC would meet in the fall of 1952, and unless McMahon had gas enough to supply the U. S. west coast, they would toss his application out, and Fish would go unopposed. McMahon had about six months to prove up at least five times as much gas as he had now.

It was time for McMahon's big play, and the Alberta oilmen were ready. Over the past few years, he'd been leasing oil and gas rights from the Alberta and B. C. Governments to build up a Peace River kingdom of two million acres. Now he rushed eight drilling rigs up the Alaska Highway, and most major companies followed him into the Peace River area. McMahon was betting a million dollars a month in men and machinery that he would find enough gas fast enough to beat Fish.

Manning won the August election hands down. Voters could look around and see the big new industries enticed to Alberta by plentiful gas as raw material and cheap fuel: cellulose, sulphur chlorine caustic soda, plastics, fertilizers, metals. Manning could take some credit for this. He had kept Alberta's reserves attractively high by not letting gas go out of the province too soon. Indeed, he had handled the hot gas issue so carefully that many oilmen still didn't know where he stood on export.

With the election over, political pressure dissipated. The question now was whether Alberta would lose to Fish that rich U. S. west coast market.

In October, 1952, before FPC in Washington, Fish argued that Mr. Mahan's application should be discussed; he didn't have the Canadian Government's okay for his pipe line, just Alberta's.

But just as Fish's mahon for dismissed came up, m, with perfect timing, old McMahon's Canadian federal government permit. Dr. George Hume the chief federal geologist, revealed that McMahon and the companies who had followed him to Peace River had found two and a half trillion cubic feet of gas—more than enough to supply the west coast for twenty years. McMahon had made good on his gamble.

McMahon and Fish were now playing their final hand for the rich U. S. west coast market. Whoever won the decision from FPC in Washington would take in the pot.

McMahon's big new gas reserves gave him the edge over Fish, since New Mexico route to Seattle was also longer than McMahon's route from the Peace River. But Fish was a tough man to beat. He turned on McMahon in Washington the arguments McMahon had used against him in Calgary: that the Alberta's Peace River pipeline would put the U. S. consumer at the mercy of a foreign power who could cut off delivery in an emergency.

It seemed possible though not likely, that neither Fish nor McMahon would get a permit from FPC. In that case Manning sought change his mind about letting southern Alberta gas go west. The race west would begin all over again with Dixon as the favorite. But if FPC gave either Fish or McMahon the nod, the only market left for Alberta's southern and central gas would be somewhere east of the province.

Dixon weighed his chances, found them wanting, and eyed the terrain to the east. He chose characteristically, the cheapest, shortest route south of the lakes and back into Canada at Sarnia. Lawyer Ray Milner, Alberta's big-hunnose man-about-pol with his line to Winnipeg, St. Paul and Minneapolis. Fish now slipped into the eastern game with a route similar to Dixon's. His rivals were calling Fish "The Bouncer" now. Clint Murchison, the legendary free wheeling Texan from Dallas and now boss of the Canadian Delhi Co., was more than ever sure an all-Canadian line from Alberta to Montreal was possible.

Murchison's bold proposal to build the world's longest gas line appealed to Canadian pride. Here was an epic of engineering that would rival the St. Lawrence Seaway. Editorial writers began comparing Murchison's Trans-Canada Pipe Line to the building of the CPR. A few months before the federal elections, Tory leader George Drew stepped to Murchison's side unfurling the banner "Canada First."

Murchison's rivals called his Trans-Canada Pipe Line a pipe-dream. Who they asked would buy the gas in northern Ontario? A few pulp and mining centres. And they argued consumers in eastern Canada would have to pay the shot sense twenty odd million dollars more in pipeline costs which would certainly be reflected in higher eastern gas bills.

The Calgary publisher-MP Carl Nickle, spokesman for the oil companies, argued that the very existence of coal and oil made a subsidy unthinkable.

Until this point—it was now March 1953—Trade Minister Howe had said little to indicate that he was concerned with gas. But he had been in correspondence with Alberta Mines Minister Tanner, most of the pipeline gamblers had been to see him, he had met several times with Ontario's Premier Frost and Alberta's Manning. Away back in 1947, chief government geologist George Hume had told a Calgary friend: "When the time comes, Howe will decide where the gas is going."

Now the time had come. Howe seemed nettled by Drew's "Canada First" stand, which carried the implication that Howe put Canada second. In the House of Commons in March he hurled a dictum: Alberta gas will come to eastern Canada before it goes anywhere else—and come by an all-Canadian route.

Every contestant respected Howe, but they claimed that this time he was playing politics. Howe had let Imperial Oil's Interprovincial oil line go south through the States instead of north through Port Arthur and northern Ontario. It would not be surprising if Howe was afraid to do it again, five months before the federal election.

Both Dixon and Fish thought Howe might change his mind after the elec-

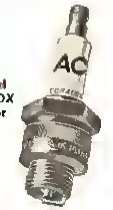
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two "The New Yorker and the Texan still wanted to take gas east through the States.

Milner the Alberta lawyer, still sincerely thought the eastern Canadian market by itself was too small to pay for an all Canadian line. He still wanted that short, profitable Winnipeg St Paul line and to be original plan he had simply added a cautious rider While he was laying his pipeline to Winnipeg the market in eastern Canada could be building up with Texas gas (by adding another eighty miles to the present Texas-Buffalo line) Then if and when" the eastern market proved big enough, Milner would extend his line to the east.

As the game went into summer a wild card came up that brightened Milner's hand considerably Consumers Gas of Toronto bought some Louisiana gas wells and asked the U S. Federal Power Commission for permission to bring this gas to Ontario through the Texas Buffalo line Late in August Consumers received this permission and is now planning to run a pipeline from Toronto to the middle of the Niagara River where it will join an extension of the Buffalo line The Toronto company claims its charter does not permit the federal government to prohibit its import of gas and that it needs only routine permits under the Navigable Rivers Act and from the Niagara Parks Board to get its pipeline going

Consumers, like other gas-manufacturing utilities, is caught in a tight cost squeeze It needs lower priced natural gas. It can't modernize its plant until the lower-cost gas is in sight Its owners are tired of waiting for Manning to make up his mind to sell. They weren't even sure they wanted his Alberta gas through a herd to-miluta an all Canadian line ("What I've thousand miles and us wriggling on the end of it?")

Consumers attitude towards the bombshell it has dropped on Murchison's all Canada pipeline plan is that the line would take five years to build instead of the est imated two and that Consumers has to go about its business of building up gas use by getting cheap gas now.

The Murchison reaction is that Howe will never permit one million Toronto users to deprive four million other Canadians of natural gas—as would happen if Montreal Ottawa and other Ontario Quebec cities were deprived of gas. Murchison's spokesmen admit that the removal of Toronto from the eastern gas market would make financial backing difficult to get. He is moving between earth and Ottawa to try to stop Consumers getting gas from its own wells in Louisiana

Whatever the outcome, events in Toronto have been another indication that Manning can no longer pick and choose his market The U S Federal Power Commission can wipe out his west coast market by giving permission to Fish to pipe New Mexico gas up to Seattle

Other events are piling up on Manning A major oil and gas area is shaping up next door in Saskatchewan's Williston Basin. More than a hundred companies have already proved up a trillion cubic feet of gas, and Saskatchewan Resources Minister Brockel bank is frankly wooing them with a liberal, clear-cut gas policy. So if Manning waits too long to okay export he can also lose the midwest market Winnipeg St Paul and Minneapolis

Manning's job is to keep Alberta's oil development high When development lags, as does the flow of dollars into the province suffers "Development is lagging now" an official of the Petroleum Association said last May Another oilman explains the relation of oil to gas this way "You know it's going to cost you a hundred thousand to half a million dollars to drill... If you don't get oil, it's a dead loss, but if you've a chance of getting gas, it's a second string to your bow, and it makes you a lot more willing to gamble When Manning gives them a market for gas, the oil companies will start gambling high again

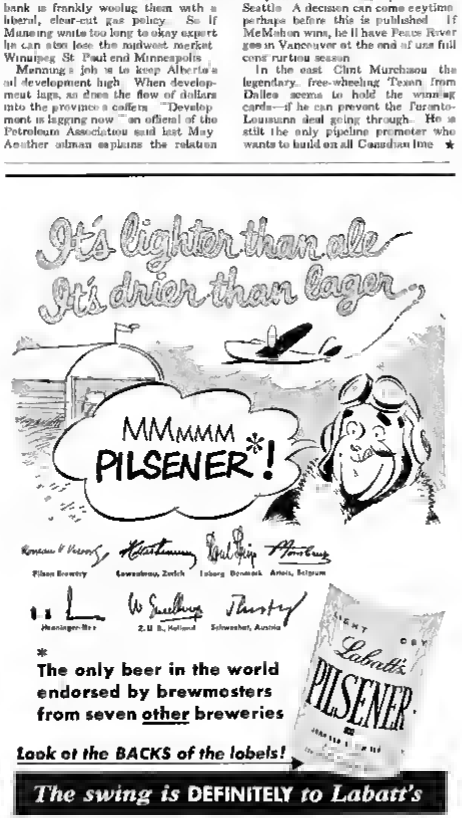
The all-night poker game is almost over Dixon, first in the game, now ailing has tossed in his chips though he says he will come in again if the west coast game is reopened As this is written the U S Federal Power Commission is meeting to decide who gets the U S. west coast market Texas promoter Fish with his New Mexico gas or Frank McMahon, Alberta's Peace River pioneer All British Columbia's hopes for gas ride with McMahon

McMahon has a strong hand. He hasn't as far to come as Fish His gas supply is big and getting bigger Fish's gas supply on the other hand, seems uncertain. California centres say their fast-growing industries need the New Mexico gas Fish would like to take north But Fish has the backing of gas companies in Tacoma, Spokane and Seattle A decision can come anytime perhaps before this is published If McMahon wins, he'll have Peace River gas in Vancouver at the end of our fuel consumption season

In the east Clint Murchison, the legendary free-wheeling Texan from Dallas seems to hold the winning cards—if he can prevent the Toronto-Louisiana deal going through. He is still the only pipeline promoter who wants to build on all Canadian line ★









Women's Pet Topic Is—Women

PERIODICALLY, across our untidy editorial desk there drifts a tidy set of statistics compiled each month by the earnest young men and women who work for Gruneau Research Ltd., an organization that tells us who reads what articles in Maclean's. The statistics always cause us to muse on the basic difference between the sexes for they suggest what has often been whispered, that men are creatures of the intellect and women, servants of the emotions.

Each month, the Gruneau people interview a sample of several hundred Maclean's readers carefully selected along lines familiar to students of the Gallup Poll This has been going on now for several years, with each of our issues so we feel fairly safe in venturing some conclusions

We have discovered, for instance, that men prefer articles about politics, topical events and about other men; women—on the other hand—prefer to read articles about glamorous people (especially royalty), about the emotions (love, fear, illness) and about other women Run a picture of a beautiful girl in a Bikini suit and who looks at it? Statistics show that the women do The men are too busy looking at pictures of wrestlers. Women will read about health, divorce, Princess Margaret and Marilyn Monroe Men will prefer the Mounties, mortgages, NATO and Louis St. Laurent.

Among our several regular departments, again there is the pattern of men readers absorbing the "think" items (such as the Editorial, Blair Fraser's Backstage at Ottawa) and the women favoring the lighter fare in Parade and the Medley More men than women seem to like the little bits of animated history that we serve up from time to time in our back pages under the title of Canadiana.

We don't pay too much attention to what the statisticians tell us, for we still believe in the ancient witchcraft of the editorial hunch, but just for fun we took a look at our 1952 issues to find out what our researchers said about them The five articles most popular with our male readers were, in order: an article about the foot-and-mouth epidemic an article about the Boyd gang, an article about the Cobalt bomb for cancer treatment, a Flashback about a wartime Atlantic convoy and Blair Fraser's assessment of our wealth You're Richer Than You Think Eight out of every ten men readers read these articles.



Women's tastes differed. They preferred articles on Hardy Amies the royal dress designer, Maria Colquhoun, the women who cooked dinner for Princess Elizabeth on Vancouver Island Seretse Khama, the African chieftain who married a white girl Dr Alan Brown, the former head of Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children and Eva Lis Wuorio's article on Buckingham Palace Four of these five articles had to do with royalty of some kind



Incidentally, as far as we can make out the most popular article for both sexes was a piece called The Biggest Twins In History. What that proves, we don't pretend to say

Incidentally, while we're on the subject of surveys we might as well reveal that three and a half people read every issue of Maclean's according to a nation wide survey made of all Canadian magazines last year by the Canadian Advertising Research Foundation. Of these three and a half people, 1.7 are women and 1.8 are men We think that's a pretty good balance and we shall try to maintain it with stories about men (for the men) and women (for the women) and twins (for both sexes)

Does The Bible *CONTRADICT* Itself?



You might think so, from the variety of meanings people take from it today

Divorce and remarriage, for example, is widely prevalent among Christians. And some try to justify it by Holy Scripture Yet Jesus said "What God has joined together let no man put asunder" (Mark 10 2-12) And St Paul tells us "For the married woman is bound by law while her husband is alive that a wife is not to depart from her husband and if she departs she is to remain unmarried" (Rom 7 2-3)

Confession to a priest is scoffed at by many Christians. "We confess our sins to God," they say But if Jesus wanted us to confess directly and privately to God why did He say to the Apostles "Receive ye the Holy Ghost: whose sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them and whose sins ye retain they are retained" (Jn. 20 21 23)?

The Bible says that Christ did establish a church For He told his Apostle Simon "thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." But what church is it? Did Christ mean that just any church was His Church? Or did He give His Church marks by which men might recognize it?

All Christians agree that faith in Christ is absolutely essential to salvation. But some believe that faith is the only essential Catholics believe the words of St Paul that God "will render to every man according to his deeds" (Rom 2 6) and the words of Jesus "Not every one that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord shall enter the kingdom of heaven but he that doeth the will of My Father" (Matt 7 21)

Christians also take from the same words in the Bible, varied and often conflicting opinions on many things—for example on the need for and effects of Baptism, and the real or symbolic Presence of Christ in the Eucharist. Is it any wonder that sincere people trying to understand what Christ meant to tell us, are confused?

Catholics are often accused of opposing the Bible This, of course is ridiculous, for the Catholic Church is the mother of the Bible And Catholic teachings are sometimes called "unscriptural" which will be found equally untrue by any one who takes the trouble to investigate

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81% of all the men and women interviewed in an independent, country wide gift survey said... *"The lighter I want is a Ronson!"* Precision made Ronson is the most popular lighter in the world! That says more than we could about its superb performance and all-around excellence

Here a few of the wonderful new Ronsons you'll find at your dealer's —for as little as $6.50 But make *sure* you look for the name *Ronson* on the lighters you give your friends and relatives *They* certainly will..



RONSON ALPHA. Slim as a fine watch. In lustre chrome or platinum finish with red enamel diagonal band $14.25. Others from $13.50



LIGHTER SUPREME. Smart 2 in 1 solution on table lighter with disappearing windshield for indoors or out $11.00



RONSON STANDARD. Perfect lighter in heavy chromium plate with polished monogram shield $7.95. Others from $6.50



RONSON MONARCH. Gracefully fluted table lighter in heavy silver plate $13.50



RONSON SPHERE. Handsome modern table lighter in chromium, lacquer with black enamel indented bands $15.00



RONSON PORTIA. Lovely table lighter in satin plate and fine ceramic ware with colorful floral design $18.00

FOR GENUINE PRIDE AND PLEASURE MAKE SURE IT'S A *GENUINE*

RONSON

WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

RONSON JOHNSON

PARADE

ON AN Indian reserve near Calgary a clergyman left his car wheel strike a big stone in the rutted roadway. He got out and discovered he had a flat tire. He put the jack under the car and worked away at it. The car lifted a few inches, then stopped right there. He tried again but the jack simply wouldn't raise the car more than a few inches—though he pumped like mad.

Some young Indians came down the trail and stopped to look on. After a moment three or four of them quietly stepped to the car, heaved at it and pushed it sideways. Then one of them picked up the jack, raised the car smoothly and quickly, changed the tire and went off, leaving the clergyman wondering just what it was that they had done differently.

The young Indians are still wondering why the clergyman put the jack down a gopher hole.

• • •

A lady who operates a summer grocery and lunchroom and a number of cabins at Riley Lake, Ont., was showing off her clean premises to a government inspector from the Department of Health. He found not a thing to quarrel with as they went through it, but when they emerged from the back door to chunk over the outdoor plumbing, they were met by a swarm of large buzzing flies.

"This is terrible," said the inspector, beating them off with both hands. "These flies are a definite health hazard. Surely you can do something to get rid of them?"

The lady shook her head. "I daren't harm *those* flies. The government sent them, you know, to kill the caterpillars!"

• • •

An Ottawa automobile dealer, showing a used car to a prospective buyer, turned on the car's radio. It was tuned to a program sponsored by a rival car dealer, right across the street. Before the horrified salesman could flip the dial the announcer went into a sales pitch for the same model car for one hundred dollars less.

So the used car proprietor ruefully watched his erstwhile customer scramble out, saunter across the street and make a deal with the opposition.

A teen-age girl in Willowdale, Ont., held a birthday party for her friends with all the adult pomp and dignity she could muster.

Naturally her young brother and sister were banned from the premises and naturally, they were just as determined to crash the party.

The younger sister racked her brains for a legitimate excuse to enter the living room and finally came up with a flimsy but effective one. At the height of the party she marched busily through the room carrying a garbage can, her playmate right on her heels with the lid.



• • •

The townsfolk of Consort, Alberta have an entirely new reason for being free of worry in health matters. Not long ago the local doctor, Dr. A. M. Day, celebrated his fortieth anniversary of service to the people of the district by engaging an assistant—a Dr. Knight from Edmonton. Now the patients of Consort Municipal Hospital can have Day or Knight service.

• • •

Parade readers say that the Vanconvenite admiring his own tombstone (Parade, July 15) isn't the only Canadian with a matter-of-fact approach to the hereafter. A recent ad in a Montreal daily offers "Grave for sale, suitable for two people," while an elderly gentleman advertising for a wife in the Vancouver Sun personals, concludes: "Can finance honeymoon and funeral expenses."

• • •

In the Conservative stronghold of Wolfville in the Annapolis Valley, when Prime Minister St. Laurent stopped by on his speaking tour he shook hands with a number of the listeners, including one small eight year-old. But when the child told his father and mother about this exciting experience, they were a lot less thrilled than he was. His mother pointed upstairs and said sternly, "You go wash your hands right now, and use lots of soap."



Parade pays $5 to $10 for true humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto





Bewitching beauty for your home

with Candalon in 100% Nylon Frieze

Want to give a dull-looking room new interest and appeal? Candalon nylon upholstered furniture will work a modern charm.

It's done—first—with Candalon's lustrous colors—as only pure nylon can make them glow—in a dazzling choice of the smartest, newest, fashion favourites.

And it's done with Candalon nylon's deep-pile weave that produces luxurious textures to intrigue the eye and delight the touch.

On the practical side Candalon nylon frieze's durability seems to keep it young forever. And should it be soiled—a damp cloth will make it clean in a jiffy.

Look for the Candalon Tag next time you look at upholstered furniture. Good makers use Candalon upholstery on their covered pieces, good stores carry them. And their cost is less than their looks would indicate!

Buying a car? The best buys are Candalon upholstered—many in NYLON!

When looking at upholstered furniture, let the Candalon Tag guide you to the best in medium, wool or nylon fabrics.

Candalon Upholstery

Collins & Aikman

of Canada, Limited

Head Office and Mills: Farnham, Quebec

Canada's Largest Weavers of Fine Upholstery Fabrics

Exciting new 1953 Studebaker receives Fashion Academy Award!



Gold medal for outstanding design and distinctive styling presented to the new Canadian car with the European look

THE directors of Fashion Academy, the noted New York school of fashion design, have awarded Studebaker their 1953 gold medal for style and design.

Leading authorities on car styling join with motorists everywhere in acclaiming the 1953 Studebaker's distinction.

There's no question about it, the low, sleek silhouette of the new 1953 Studebaker makes every other Canadian-built car look ten years older.

Own this Fashion Academy Award beauty yourself—an excitingly different new Studebaker sedan, coupe or hard-top—a Champion 6 in the low price field—or a brilliantly powered Commander V-8.

Arrange to drive this dramatically distinctive new Canadian car with the low-swung European look—the car that officially proved itself a gasoline mileage star in this year's Mobilgas Economy Run. Order your new 1953 Studebaker right away.



Commander V-8 Regal Starlight coupe for five. Chrome wheel discs, white sidewalls—and glare-reducing tinted glass—optional at extra cost.

The Studebaker Corporation of Canada Limited, Hamilton, Ontario